

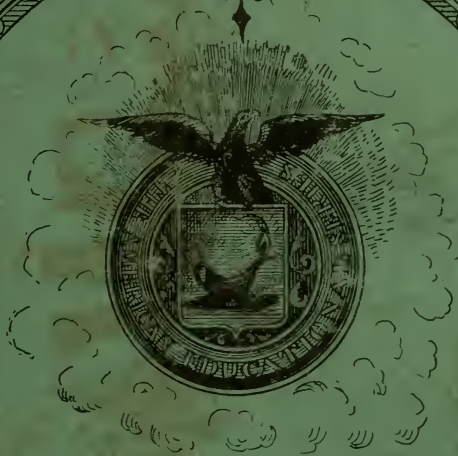
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THE

INSTITUTE READER



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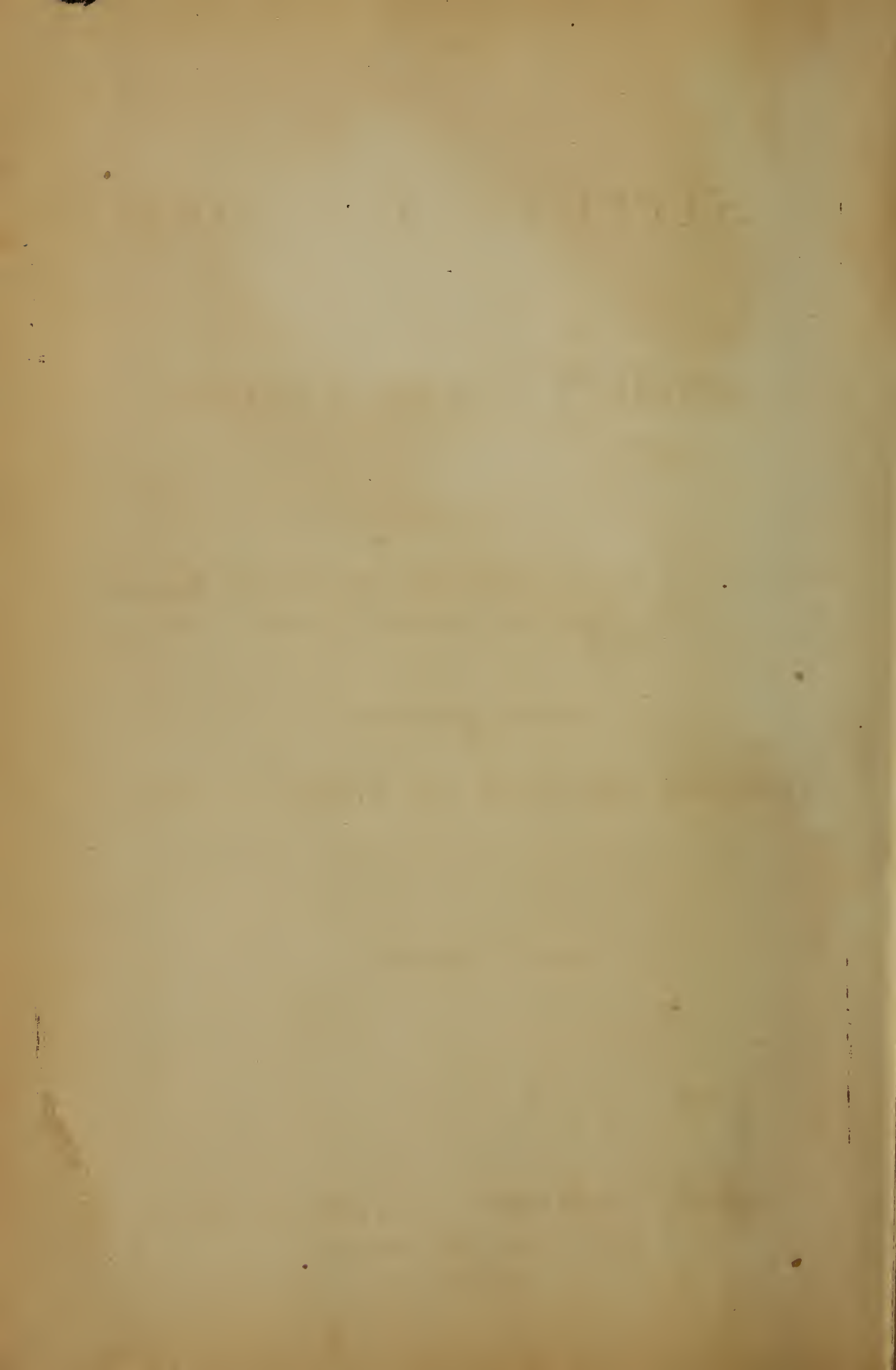
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THE
INSTITUTE READER;

A MANUAL OF METHODS IN READING,

CONTAINING

ANNOTATED SELECTIONS FROM THE NEW GRADED READERS
AND CATHCART'S LITERARY READER.

PREPARED FOR THE USE OF

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES AND NORMAL CLASSES.

37
817
By J. PIPER.



IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

1879.

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1879.

PREFACE.

THE design of this book is :

1. To furnish, in a single volume and at small cost, sample selections for all grades of Reading usually taught in our Common Schools.

2. To so annotate these selections as to stimulate and help teachers to better methods of instruction.

3. To assist teachers and pupils in a closer study of our incomparable language, and, by directing the work, to help them to realize the grand possibilities attainable through properly directed reading and systematic cultivation of a correct literary taste.

There is a growing feeling that reading is not well taught in our schools, and that much more attention must be given to *methods* of instruction in this important branch.

The Kindergarten has aroused the attention of teachers, and created a desire to know how to start aright in the primary work.

The publication and extensive use of "Cathcart's Literary Reader" has awakened an equal interest in the study of literature.

Teachers are earnestly asking how they can prepare themselves to meet these new demands, and still keep fresh in mind the best methods formerly practiced.

Elocution, which heretofore has been almost sole occupant of the field, can not and should not be left out of view. It must always command large attention at the hands of educators.

The systematic study of Orthoëpy, from the reading-books and Dictionary, claims a place, and a prominent one, in the preparation of teachers.

All these subjects must be considered by Teachers' Institutes and Normal Classes.

PREFACE.

This Reader, designed to meet these enlarged demands, contains well prepared material,

1. For the best kind of primary work.
2. For the thorough study of Orthoëpy in accordance with the standard, WEBSTER.
3. For superior drill in vocal culture and expressive reading.
4. For teaching methods of study in literature, to which subject increased attention must be given.

A very suggestive "*Outline of Study*" is given in connection with the work of the Fifth Reader and Literary Reader.

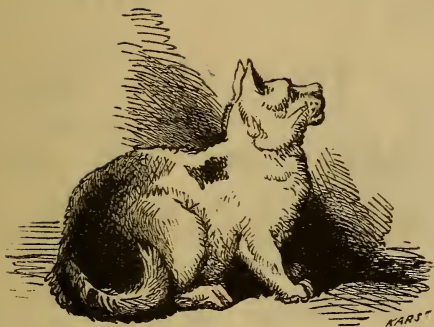
If this outline is placed in the hands of pupils, and their lessons are prepared in accordance with it, their progress will be vastly more safe, sure, and rapid, than when groping along without any fixed plan of study. The selections have been taken, by permission, from the "New Graded Readers" and "Cathcart's Literary Reader." This excellent series of books forms a finely graded course in language. It begins with easy words and simple thoughts, and, by gradual steps, leads up to the grandest ideas and sentiments, which are expressed in the choicest language, models of composition in English undefiled. The general introduction and critical study of this series would go far to banish what one of our State Superintendents styles "the abominable trash now usually perused by too many of our scholars and teachers." That this book may prove an acceptable aid in teaching a closer study of *method* in reading, is the hope of

THE AUTHOR.

SELECTIONS
FROM
THE FIRST READER.

LESSON III.

(PICTURES, WORDS, LETTERS.)



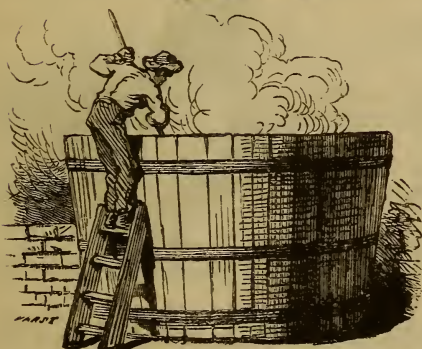
căt

c ă t



măn

m ă n



văt

v ă t

a c m n t v

LESSON XXVII.

boy	tāke	kill
bēe	waş	will



Did the boy
take a bee in
his hand? No;
it was a fly.

Did the boy kill the fly? He
did not. He let it fly off!

LESSON XXVIII.

büt	owl	mōle
-----	-----	------

An owl. A mole.

Did the owl see
the mole? Yes;
but the mole did



not see the owl. Will the owl
let the mole go? No; he will
kill it. The owl is on a tree.

LESSON XLV.

beâr

teâr

fêar

lēads

breāk

brěad



mēat

tēeth

rōpe

tāme

shārp

a wāy'

Here is a tame bear. The man leads him with a rope.

Will he not break the rope and get away from the man'?

You need not fear; this bear will not break the rope.

The man took him when he was small, and now he is tame.

The bear eats bread and meat. He can tear the meat with his sharp teeth.

LESSON LXIII.

Maud äunt gāy dīed
chīrp fēed gīft drīnk
dēad whīle glād thīnk

Maud had a pet bird.

It was a gift from her aunt.

How glad she was to feed it
and give it drink !

This gay bird would chirp and
sing all the day long.

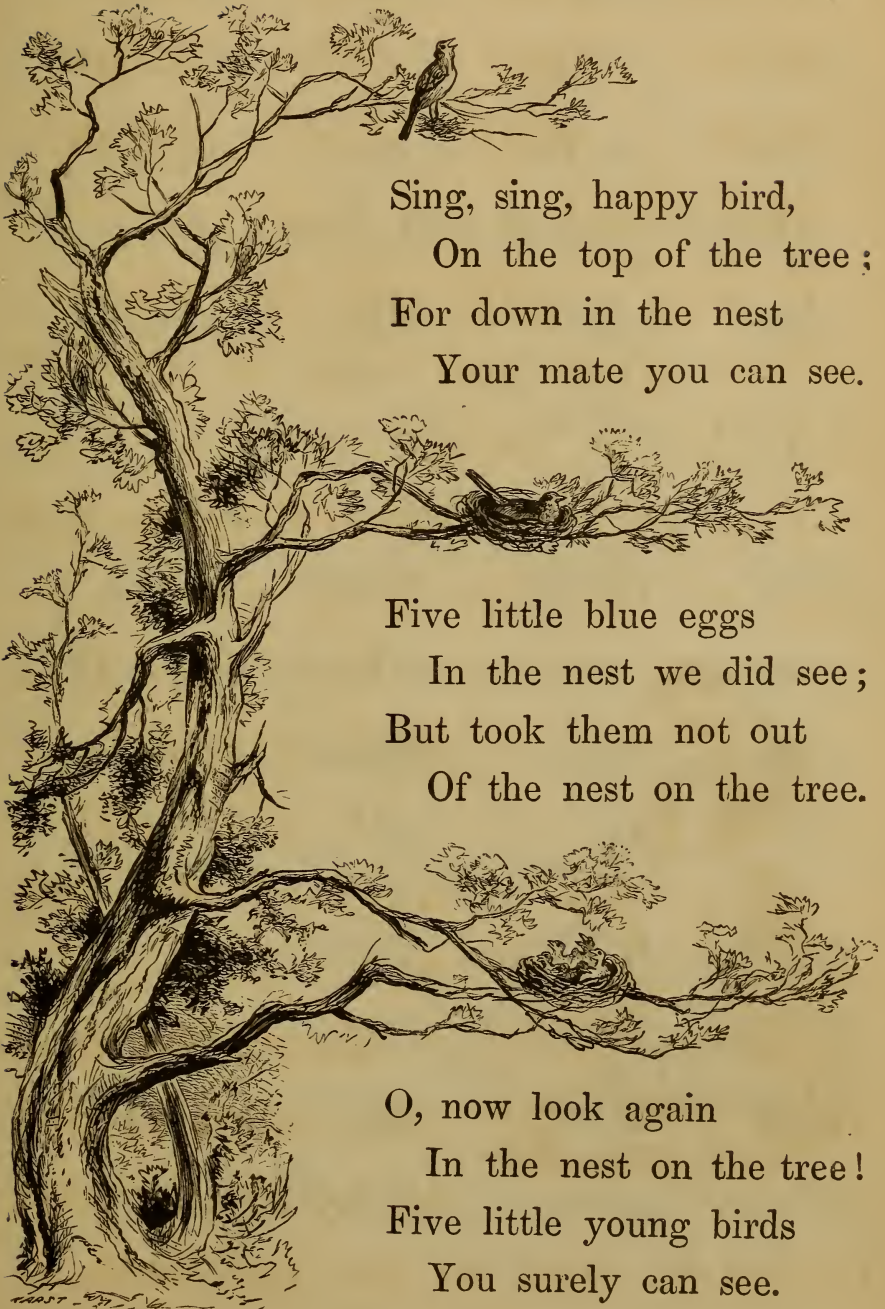


But the poor
bird is dead !

O, why did it
die ? I will tell
you.

Maud, while at
play, did not think
to feed it, or give
it drink ; and so her pet died.

LESSON LXXIV.



Sing, sing, happy bird,
On the top of the tree ;
For down in the nest
Your mate you can see.

Five little blue eggs
In the nest we did see ;
But took them not out
Of the nest on the tree.

O, now look again
In the nest on the tree !
Five little young birds
You surely can see.

LESSON 8.

joy jug join judge

joy jug join judge

star state stove stone

star state stove stone

slur slat slim slate

slur slat slim slate

LESSON 9.

ship shop shun shall

ship shop shun shall

this thus then them

this thus then them

quit quite queen queer

quit quite queen queer

zinc zone zeal zest

zinc zone zeal zest

LESSON 11.

Now try to do better.
O, you have done well!
Pride will have a fall.
Quench not the spirit.
Run, little rivulet, run.
Sing sweet songs to me.
Trust in the Lord ever.
Use your time wisely.
Write the letter V.
Xerxes was a great king.
Youth is the time to learn.
Zion behold thy King.

NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM FIRST READER.

IN teaching Lesson III, observe the order of the book—PICTURES, WORDS, LETTERS. After directing the pupil's attention to the picture and talking about it, exercise the pupils by the following steps:

1. Pupils pronounce the word *Cat*.
2. Spell it by sound.
3. Spell it by letter.
4. Name the letters backward.

Continue practice as above until each step can be executed readily. Teach the other words in this lesson in the same way, as also *all new words*.

5. Frequently review all the words of the lesson and the letters at the bottom of the page.

Before passing to the next lesson in the First Reader the teacher should teach the words *I, O, a, and see*.

6. Combine these words on the blackboard with the words of the lesson in easy sentences, thus:

I see.	I see <i>a</i> .	I see <i>s</i> .
O I see.	I see a vat.	O I see <i>v</i> .
I see O.	I see a cat.	
I see a man, a cat and a vat.		
I see a man, and <i>O</i> , and <i>V</i> , and <i>a</i> .		

Easy sentences thus formed, bringing out all previous work in daily review, will fix firmly in mind the words passed over.

REPETITION IS A CONDITION OF MEMORY. Institute instructors should illustrate *all these steps* by practice with the teachers, until they become to them *something more than an impression*.

LESSONS XXVII and XXVIII.

Review first all the steps given for teaching Lesson III, and then add the following steps:

7. Pronounce *rapidly* the words at the head of the lesson by column downward and reverse.

8. Pronounce the same words by line and reverse.

9. Pronounce rapidly the words in the reading lesson, both forward and backward.

10. Pronounce the same words *written in script* upon the blackboard.

11. Spell the words from memory, and also with the open book, as pointed out in Steps 2 and 3.

12. Copy part of the words in script on the slate and blackboard.

13. Mark the vowels in two lines.

Let the instructor in charge of the training class illustrate all these steps by *practice*; not by *telling* what is to be done, but by *doing* it.

LESSON XLV.

First, practice the thirteen steps already given; then let the teacher,

14. Question the pupils *minutely* as to the meaning of the selection.

By this it is not meant that teachers should ask such general questions as, "*What is this lesson about?*" or questions not connected with the text; but that the teacher should *question closely on the text*, thus:

What is here?

Where is a tame bear?

What kind of bear?

Who leads him?

With what?

Leads *what*? Be sure the pupil answers this question with the word *him*, and then ask what does *him* stand for? Read the sentence and put the word *bear* in the place of *him*, and see if the sense is still the same.

The bear eats *what*?

Can tear *what*?

With what?

What *kind* of teeth? etc.

15. Combine these words so as to express new thoughts, thus: "This tame bear eats no rope. He will not tear the man, nor break his teeth; nor get away from him."

"This bear is tame and his teeth are sharp. A man leads him by a rope."

Teachers will find this re-writing of the lessons a most excellent help in giving life, interest, and variety to the reading, and that it greatly increases the amount read by the children.

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LESSON LXIII.

First, review all the steps already given.

16. Question as to the use of capitals, and *teach* the *names* of the punctuation marks.

Do not be afraid of giving information on these points.

Practice upon them until the pupils can name them at sight, in this and subsequent lessons.

LESSON LXXIV.

After this selection has been read several times in a pleasant and sprightly manner,

17. Have the selection committed to memory and recited by the pupils, both singly and in concert.

LESSONS 8 and 9.

Review Steps 7, 8, 12, 13.

See that all copying is *neatly* done.

LESSON 11.

Review all steps applicable, especially Step 16. Then review the nine selected lessons, to show how the First Reader should be reviewed as a whole by pupils.

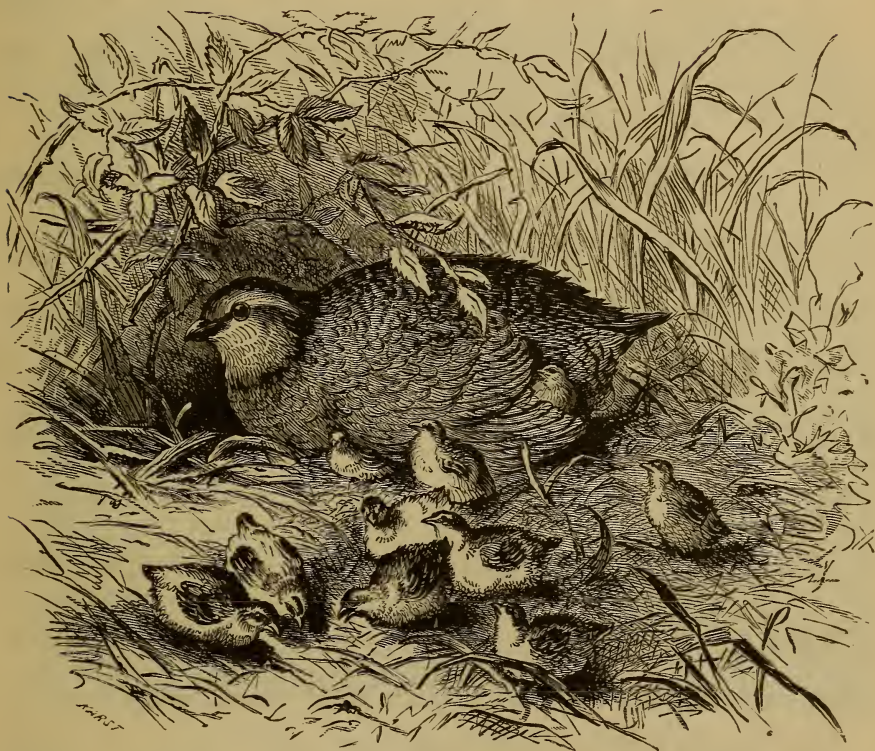
SELECTIONS

FROM

THE SECOND READER.

LESSON XXVI.

tāme	hēard	erūmbſ	sēemed
found	whēat	a gain'	něv' er
ġround	quāilſ	ŭn' der	gāth' er



1. One day, as I went out to the wheat field, I found a nest of young quails.

2. They were quite small, and I left them in the nest for the old bird to take care of them.

3. After a few days, I went to the field to see them again; but they had left their nest, and I saw them all with the old bird on the ground.

4. There were ten of them; and it was a queer sight to see the old quail try to gather them all under her wings.

5. I caught two of them, and took them home for my pets. I put them in a little cage, and gave them crumbs of bread to eat.

6. In a few days they were so tame, that I let them come out of the cage and run round the yard.

7. But they did not stay with me long after they could fly. Would you like to know why? I will tell you.

8. One day, the old quail came near the house and sat on the fence.

9. She seemed to say, "Come, my pets." The young birds heard the call. They flew off with her, and I never saw them again.

LESSON XLI.

eōast	stēad' y	tow' ers	lān' tern
flāsh	sāil' ors	bēa' eons	līght' - house
stānds	rōw' ing	bûrn' ing	an ōth' er



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

1. A light-house is a tall building with a large lantern at the top, on which a bright light is kept burning at night.

2. It is built on a high rock near the sea-coast, to warn ships, so that, when they see the light, they may keep off the shore.

3. Men live in the light-house, often a long way from the land, to take care of it, and to light the lamps every day as soon as it begins to grow dark.

4. The light is not of the same kind in every light-house. Some lights are quite bright and steady; but others flash, and are only seen from time to time.

5. Sailors know in this way one light-house from another when it is far off, and can thus tell what part of the coast they are near.

6. In olden times, fires were often lighted on the tops of towers, or on high hills, to warn ships when near the coast. These fires were called *beacons*.

7. See the ship in the picture, how near she is to the rock on which the light-house stands! Will she be lost? The men are rowing to her. They are in a *life-boat*.

FIGURE LESSON. — What objects are shown in the picture? Is the light burning in the light-house? Is the vessel sailing away from the rocks? Does the wind seem to be blowing her toward them? Are all her sails set? How many men are there in the boat? Are they all rowing? What is the man who sits in the stern doing?

LESSON XLIII.

dâred	Royce	õb' jeet	tûr' tle
crawled	Ru' fus	kën' nel	pûp' pies



THE PUPPIES AND THE TURTLE.

1. As Rufus Royce came near a mill-pond one day, he found a turtle, and brought it home with him.

2. He took it out to the barn-yard, where he left it for a short time, while he went into the house.

3. When he came back, he found that it had crawled to the kennel, where there were three young puppies. Rufus saw that they did not know what to make of the strange object.

4. At first, they were afraid to touch it, and ran back as the turtle crawled toward them, with its head thrust out of its brown shell.

5. Then they would turn round and bark at it, and jump as if they would like to bite it, if they dared.

6. Rufus thought it fine sport to watch them. In the picture you can see how the puppies looked when they first saw the turtle.

7. Did you ever see a turtle? Do you think you would have been afraid of it, if you had been there?

LESSON XLVII.

Mā' ry rŭn' ning fröl' ie sòme

THE RUNNING BROOK.

1. "Stop, stop, pretty water!"

Said Mary one day
To a frolicsome brook,
That was running away.

2. "You run on so fast!"

I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

3. "But I will run after:"

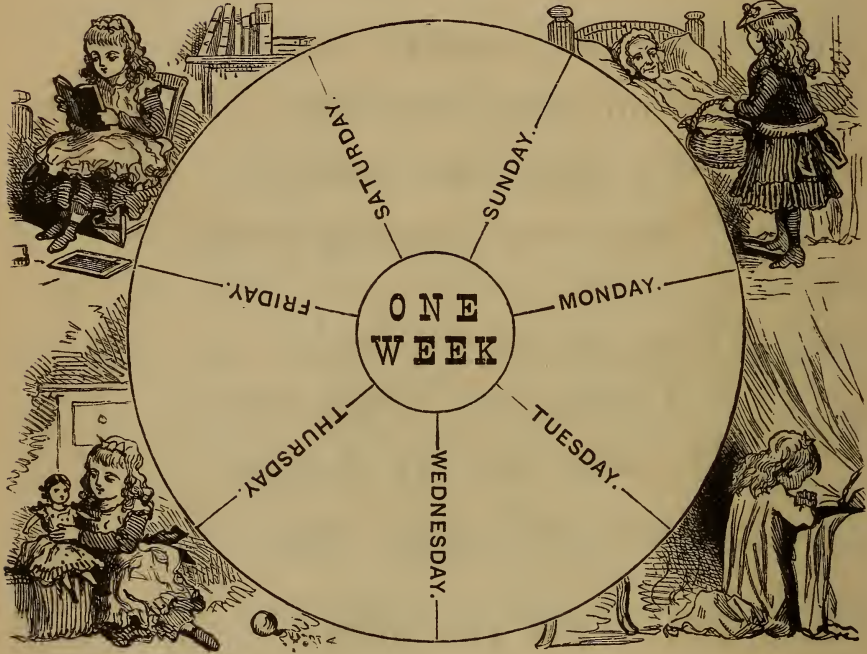
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

4. So Mary ran on;

But I've never heard say
She was able to find
Where the brook ran away.

LESSON LXXIII.

sĭx' ty twĕn' ty pàs' ing eom plēte'
 sĕe' onds pow' er brĭng' ing De ċĕm' ber
 sĕv' en wiš' dom hūn' dred Fĕb' ru a ry

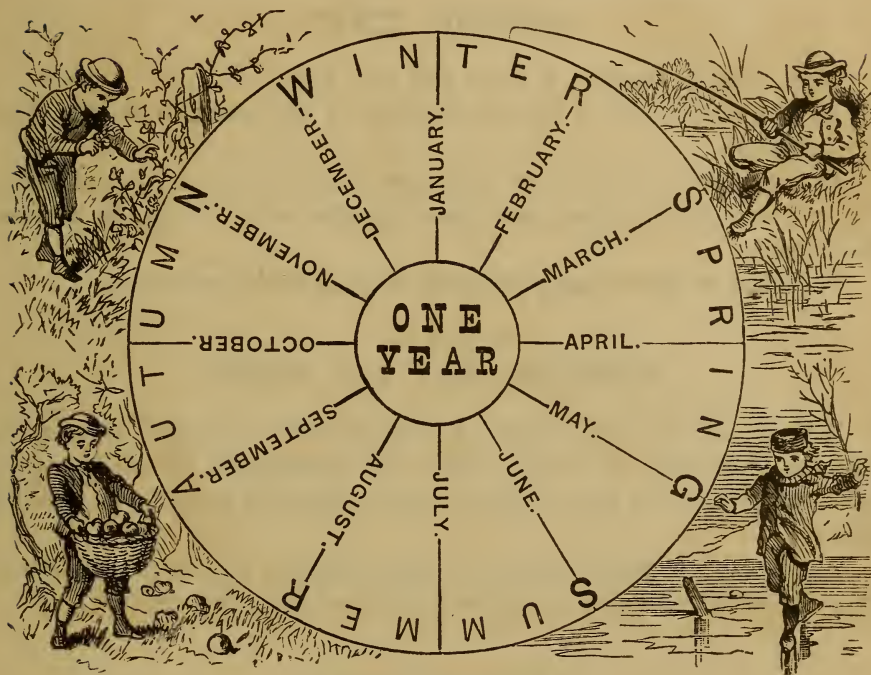


DAYS OF THE WEEK.

TIME.

1. Sixty Seconds make a *Minute* ;
How much good can I do in it ?
2. SIXTY MINUTES make an *Hour* ;
I'll do the good that 's in my power.
3. Four-and-twenty *Hours*, a *Day*, —
Time for study, work, and play.

4. Seven *Days* make up a *Week*, —
Time for wisdom all may seek.
5. Four full *Weeks*, and sometimes more,
Go to make a *Month's* clear score.



MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

6. Twelve passing *Months* complete a *Year*,
December bringing up the rear.
7. *Days* three hundred sixty-five
Make a *Year* in which to strive; —
8. Right good deeds each *Day* to do,
That every *Year* be wise and true.

NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM SECOND READER.

LESSON XXVI.

First, practice Steps 7, 8, 9, 10, and 14. Then,

18. Require an oral or written abstract of the lesson to be fully given by each pupil.

19. Have the class compose sentences, using words at head of lesson, thus: "One day I found some tame quails under a tree in a wheat field," etc.

20. Insist on the *nouns* being read in place of the *pronouns*.

LESSONS XLI and XLIII.

Review all previous steps of method with practice lessons, the teachers executing the work, under the supervision of the instructor, until the practice in any required step is promptly given by the teacher, thus:

The instructor calls a teacher to take charge of the class and drill on Step 10; another teacher to conduct a drill on Step 18; etc.

LESSON XLVII.

Practice Steps 18 and 19.

21. Teacher quote one or two lines, and pupils quote the rest of the stanza.

22. Teach the difference between *Verse* and *Stanza*, as applied to poetry. Also the meaning of *Verse* in speaking of prose.

LESSON LXXIII.

This lesson represents work near the close of the Second Reader. It should be used to review all the steps of method given thus far. Then,

23. Teach the marks applied to the consonants.

There are but eight of these, and it will take but a short time to learn them if the work on Step 2 has been well done.

Teachers at institutes should copy and commit to memory these twenty-three steps.

If they are practiced with *promptness*, *vigor*, and *precision*, the teaching of reading will be pleasant, profitable, and satisfactory.

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE THIRD READER.

LESSON VI.



“THAT ’S HOW!”

1. One night, in the winter, the snow fell very fast, and the wind piled it up in large drifts, or heaps, so that it lay quite deep on the ground.

2. When little Abel got up in the morning, he found a large drift of snow between his father’s house and the well.

3. He went to work to make a path through the snow-bank; but he had nothing to do it with but a little shovel.

4. "How do you expect to get through that great drift of snow with that small shovel?" asked his father.

5. "By keeping at it," said Abel. "That's how!" And he did keep at it till it was done.

6. Abel was right. He not only made a path through the snow-bank, but he will make his way through the world, if he keeps on in the same manner.

7. Have you a hard lesson to learn? Do not spend your time in *fretting*, and say, "I can't learn it!" but go about it, and keep at it. That is the only way to conquer it.

8. Have you a *bad temper*, or a *bad habit* which you wish to cure? It can not be done by *being sorry*, and *crying over it*. You must *fight it* all the time, till you are rid of it.

9. You may be asked to do something which may seem quite hard at first, and you may make but little progress; but by "keeping at it," you will, in time, perform it.

10. Remember, little Abel made a path through the great snow-bank, with a little shovel, by "*keeping at it*." THAT'S HOW!

DEFINITIONS.

Čôn' quer, to subdue; to master.

Ex pět', to look forward to.

Frět' ting, showing ill temper.

Hăb' it, a fixed way or manner.

Per fôm', to do.

Pröğ' ress, moving forward.

Re mēm' ber, to keep in mind.

Tēm' per, state of mind.

LESSON XV.

USEFUL METALS.

1. Metals are dug out of the ground. The most useful metals are gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, lead, tin, and quicksilver; but there are many others besides these.

2. *Gold* is of a bright yellow color, and it is very heavy. There are gold coins, called *eagles*, *half-eagles*, and *double-eagles*. There are, also, gold dollars, but they are quite small.

3. Gold is used in making cases and chains for watches, jewelry, pencil-cases, &c.: picture-frames are often gilded with gold. Gold-leaf is gold beaten out very thin,—much thinner than leaves of paper.

4. *Silver* is white and shining. Spoons are made of silver; and there are silver dollars and half-dollars, and silver dimes and half-dimes. Gold and silver are called the *precious metals*.

5. *Quicksilver* is very bright, like silver, and it is very heavy. It is not solid like the other metals, but liquid like water. If you spill it, it will run about, and you can not pick it up. Did you ever see any quicksilver?

6. *Tin* is white and bright, like silver, but it is softer. The milk-can, the saucepan, the tin-

pail, &c., are made of sheets of iron covered with tin. Tin does not rust like iron.

7. *Lead* is soft and very heavy. The water-pipes are made of lead; and the cistern is lined with sheets of lead. Bullets and shot are also made of this metal. Lead will melt very easily in the fire.

8. *Copper* is of a reddish color. The boiler is made of copper. The bottoms of ships are sometimes covered with sheets of copper. *Brass* is made of copper and zinc. It is bright and yellow like gold, but soon becomes dull when exposed to the air.

9. *Zinc* has a bluish color, like lead, but it is not so soft. It is used to put under the stove to keep the floor from being burned, and for many other purposes.

10. *Iron* is quite hard; and although it is not bright and beautiful, like gold and silver, it is the most useful of all metals. Without it, we could not have railroads or steam-engines; we could not build houses and ships as we do at present. Ships of war are often covered with thick plates of iron.

11. Come, let us go to the blacksmith's shop. What is he doing? He has a forge, and he blows the fire with his great bellows, to make the iron hot. When it is well heated, it becomes

quite soft; and he takes it out with the tongs, puts it upon the anvil, and beats it with a hammer. How hard he works!

12. What is the blacksmith doing? He is making nails, and horseshoes, and a great many other things. *Steel* is made of iron. It is very hard; and is therefore used to make knives, razors, scissors, and other cutting tools.

13. These metals are found in places called *mines*. They are mixed with dirt, stones, &c. when they are taken out of the mine, and in this state are called *ores*. Metals are sometimes obtained in a pure state, and are then called *native metals*.

QUESTIONS. — Which are the most useful metals? Of what color is gold? What coins are made of gold? For what else is gold used? What is gold-leaf? What is the color of silver? What are made of silver? Which are the precious metals? Describe quicksilver. Describe tin. For what is tin used? Describe lead. What is it used for? Of what color is copper? For what is copper used? What is brass? What is its color? Describe zinc. For what is it used? Which is the most useful of all metals? Why is it so useful? What is steel? What is it used for? Where are metals found? What are *ores*? What are *native metals*?

DEFINITIONS.

Bēl' lows (<i>bel' lus</i>), an instrument for blowing fires.	Jew' el ry , ornaments for the person; trinkets.
Çis' tern , a place where water is kept; a tank.	Ob tāined' , got; procured.
Ex pōsed' , uncovered; laid open.	Sçis' sors , an instrument for cutting, formed of two parts.

LESSON XLIV.

DON'T STEP THERE!

1. One cold morning, last winter, the streets were slippery with a thin coat of ice, partially covered with snow, and people who were going to their places of business were obliged to walk very carefully for fear of falling.

2. As I was passing along with the rest, I noticed a bright-looking lad, standing on the pavement, near a corner, and steadily looking at a spot on the sidewalk.

3. As I approached him, he looked up at me, and, pointing to the place, said, "Please don't step there, sir; I slipped there, and fell."

4. I thanked the kind and thoughtful little fellow, and passed by the dangerous place; but his words, "Don't step there!" rang in my ears all the day. I could not dismiss them from my thoughts.

5. A thousand times since, I have seemed to hear the clear voice of that kind-hearted boy, reminding me of my duty to those around me, and urging me to repeat wherever it promised to be useful, "Please, sir, don't step there!"

6. When I see a youth entering the path of the Sabbath-breaker, I would cry, "Don't step

there!" When I see boys and girls beginning to tell untruths, or to disobey their parents and teachers, I would whisper softly to them, "Don't step there!"

7. When I see a young man tempted to associate with those who drink, smoke, or gamble, I would call out to him solemnly and earnestly, "Don't step there!"

8. As in the path of life we tread,
We come to many a place,
Where, if not careful, we may fall,
And sink in sad disgrace.

9. Some evil habit, word, or thought,
Some sin, however small,
May make us stumble in the path;
And, stumbling, we may fall.

10. Our fellow-travelers on the road
We'll watch with anxious care;
And when they reach a dangerous spot,
We'll warn them, "*Don't step there!*"

DEFINITIONS.

As sō' ci āte, to keep company.

Be gīn' ning, commencing.

Dān' ġer ous, unsafe; full of risk.

Dis grāce', shame; dishonor.

Dis mīss', to send away.

Dis o bey', to refuse to submit to.

Pār' tial ly, in part; not wholly.

Re mīnd' ing, putting in mind.

Sōl' emn ly, seriously.

Stūm' ble, to trip; to make a false step.

Trāv' el er, one who travels, or goes on a journey.

Un trūth', a falsehood; a lie.

Ūrg' ing, forcing onward; impelling.

Whīs' per, to speak in a low tone, or under the breath.

LESSON LXXVI.

DESPISE NOT GOD'S CREATURES.

1. "Of what use are flies and spiders?" said little Cora to her mother one day, after she had been looking at a curious spider's-web, and watching the cunning insect catching the flies as they flew into the mesh. "I am sure I do not see why there should be any such creatures."

2. Her mother said, "My dear child, I can not now explain to you why the all-wise Creator made the various creatures which we see around us; though, since you know that God is wise and good, you must be sure that their creation must serve some wise purpose. But I will tell you a curious story to show that even a fly or a spider may be the means of doing some good.

3. "A young prince used often to wonder, as you do now, for what purpose God made such useless creatures as flies and spiders; and he wished he had the power to kill them all. But this, of course, he could not do, although he was a prince, and the son of a great king.

4. "One day, after a battle in which his father had been defeated, the prince was obliged to conceal himself from his enemies, who were seeking to put him to death. After wandering about for some time, he lay down beneath a tree and fell

asleep. The soldiers were drawing near, and soon would have discovered him, but just at that instant a fly stung his lip and awoke him. Seeing his danger, he sprang to his feet and escaped.

5. "A short time afterwards, the prince hid himself in a cave; and during the night, a spider wove its web across the entrance. In the morn-



ing, the soldiers arrived at the cave; and while they stopped, the prince heard the following conversation.

6. "'Look,' cried one of them, 'he is surely concealed in this cave.' 'No,' replied another; 'that is impossible; for if he had gone in there, he would have brushed down that spider's web. Let us waste no time here.' And they passed on

7. "When they had departed, the prince raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and most devoutly thanked God for saving his life, by means of these little creatures whom he had so much despised.

8. "To this story may be added that of the famous King of Scotland, Robert Bruce. Once, after he had been fighting hard with the English, who were trying to get possession of his country, and after having lost many battles, he was obliged to seek refuge in a rough country cabin, so as to escape the fury of his enemies.

9. "Lying on a miserable bed, and looking up at the ceiling, he noticed a spider trying to swing himself from one beam to another. Nine times the insect tried, and failed every time. This reminded the warrior of his many lost battles, and he said to himself, 'I am tired out and discouraged; but if the spider succeeds on the next trial, I will make one more effort to regain my crown, and free my country.'

10. "The spider again made a spring, and this time gained its object; on which, Bruce sprang up, resolved not to despair. Again he gathered his forces together, fought a desperate battle with his English foes, and, signally defeating them, regained the throne of Scotland, and achieved the freedom of his country. The little spider taught the brave Scottish hero a useful lesson."

LESSON LXXVII.

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, — your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That's the wisest way.

Whatever work you have in hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good-will;
This is a golden rule.

What if your lessons should be hard,
You need not yield to sorrow;
Work bravely at your task to-day:
'I will lighter grow to-morrow!

NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM THIRD READER.

LESSON VI.

When pupils begin the work of the THIRD READER, they should give daily attention to DEFINING.

In order that this may be done thoroughly and *systematically*, the teacher should,

24. Require the pupils to master the words defined in the THIRD READER, and have them test their work by copying those parts of the lesson which contain the words given for definition, and writing the definition in place of the text-word.

The pupil should designate the words substituted by underscoring, thus: Verse 7.

“Do not spend your time in showing ill temper.”

“That is the only way to master it.”

Many teachers do not feel the importance of the aid furnished by the Reader containing these defined words, as a means of language-culture. If this word-study is *well begun* in the THIRD READER and continued throughout the subsequent course, pupils will read with the understanding, which precedes reading with the spirit.

25. Question the pupils as to the uses of words, phrases, and clauses, thus: Verse 1. What is the use of the phrase *In the winter?* To tell when the snow fell. What is the use of the words *One night?* To point out the time more definitely.

What is the use of the word *Snow?* *Fell?* *Fast?* *Very?* *Wind?* *Piled?* *It?* The phrase *On the ground?* etc.

This step is the reverse of Step 14. It is a higher step, and one that gives most excellent results in the hands of an earnest teacher.

LESSON XV.

This excellent lesson is the type of quite a large class of easy lessons in familiar science found in the NEW GRADED READERS.

In teaching these lessons it is an important item *to instruct* the pupils in facts as well as in reading.

Hence the teacher will,

26. Give careful attention to the questions of the book at the close of the lesson, and ask such others as will show that the *facts of science* contained in the lesson are both *mastered* and *remembered*. All the scientific terms in these lessons should be mastered as to spelling and pronunciation.

27. Teach the use of the hyphen, and review the *marking of vowels and consonants*, by requiring all the letters in five or more lines to be marked in accordance with those given in the Reader.

LESSON XLIV.

28. Begin the daily use of the Dictionary, by having all the *nouns* in the lesson written in column, with the proper definition as found in the dictionary.

Review Steps 18 and 19, and,

29. Question the pupils on the Geographical points of the lesson, *with the map open before them*.

30. Give them information as to historical matter, and help them to connect the name of Bruce with Scotland and Bannockburn.

LESSON LXXVII.

Require pupils to commit this selection to memory and recite it, singly and in concert, with spirit and animation.

Review capitals, marks of punctuation, and the use of the apostrophe.

31. Prepare a list of MOTTOES and SAYINGS from the THIRD READER, *to be committed to memory from dictation*.

The following short list will illustrate this step. This list should be increased daily after it has been committed to memory.

1. "It is better to bend than to break."
2. "Make your own sunshine."
3. "An early start and steady pace
Takes the slowest through the race."
4. "When you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will."
5. "Never be a coward
In the cause of right."
6. "Ears and eyes and tongue
Guard while thou art young."

7. "Money is not the only nor the true riches. Fire may burn it, the floods may drown it, the winds may sweep it away, moth and rust may waste it, and the robber may seize it." Etc, etc.

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE FOURTH READER.

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

TONICS.

Long.

ā	e	as in āpe, they
â	ê	“ “ cāre, êre
ä		“ “ ärt
a	ô	“ “ all, ôrb
ē	ī	“ “ ēve, pique
ẽ	ĩ	“ “ hẽr, sĩr, mỹrrh
ō		“ “ ōld
o	u	“ “ dō, rŭle, tōō
û		“ “ ûrn.*

Short.

ě		as in ěnd
ă		“ “ hăť
à		“ “ àsk
a	ố	“ “ whạť, nốť
ă		“ “ sít
ỹ		“ “ hỹmn
o	u	“ “ wỏľf, pŭť, bŏŏk
ỏ	ủ	“ “ lỏve, lŭck

Compound. (All long.)

ī	ȳ	as in īce, mȳ
ū		“ “ ūse

Diphthongal. (All long.)

oi	oy	as in oil, boy
ou	ow	“ “ out, owl

SUBTONICS.

1	b	as in	bib
2	d	“ “	did
3	g	“ “	gag
4	g̃	“ “	gin
	j	“ “	jar
5	z	“ “	zest
6	th	“ “	thy
7	v	“ “	vine
8	zh	“ “	azure
9	w	“ “	way
10	l	“ “	lull
11	m	“ “	mum
12	n	“ “	nun
13	r	“ “	bard
14	ng	“ “	sing
15	y	“ “	you

ATONICS.

1	p	as in	pipe
2	t	“ “	tone
3	k	“ “	kind
4	ch	“ “	church
5	s	“ “	sin
6	th	“ “	thin
7	f	“ “	fine
8	sh	“ “	ship
9	wh	“ “	when

} No Cognates.†

* This sound of *u* is nearly the same as *e* in *her*, or *i* in *girl*, but is to be carefully distinguished from it.

† Sounds produced by a similar use of the same organs of speech are said to be *Cognates*; as *b* and *p*, *d* and *t*, &c.

[Teachers should frequently exercise their pupils in the foregoing table ; as in this way not only will the vocal organs of the pupils be strengthened and trained, but correct habits of articulation, so essential to good reading, will be secured.]

QUESTIONS ON THE TABLE.

How many tonic sounds are there ? How many of them are long sounds ? How many are short sounds ? How many are compound ? Which of them are diphthongal ? Why are they so called ? *Ans.* Because they are formed of the sounds of two vowels. How many subtonics are there ? How many atonics ? Which of them are cognates ? What is the letter *h* ? (See page 9.)

EXERCISES ON THE TONICS.

[Each *word* to be pronounced by the pupil (or pupils in concert) ; then the *tonic* sound or sounds to be distinctly enunciated ; as, *cāpe*, — *ā*, &c.]

ā. — cape, lame, nail, gauge, hay, great, deign, they, ancient.

â. — dare, fair, bear, ere, their, snare, parent.

ä. — are, part, father, heart, hearth, daunt, guard, sergeant.

ā. — ball, pause, law, nor, broad, ought, water, alway.

ē. — here, theme, seen, heat, seize, key, chief, pique, people.

ẽ. — herd, serge, firm, bird, girl, myrrh, virtue.

ō. — bold, oar, door, hoe, soul, flow, beau, sew, yeoman, haut-boy.

o. — prove, mood, smooth, soon, shoe, soup, rude, crew, rural.

û. — urn, burn, urge, scourge, lurch, murmur, occur.

ẽ. — men, head, said, says, friend, any, bury, leopard, again, heifer, heroism.

ă. — had, have, plaid, barrel, carry, guaranty.

â. — task, grasp, past, grass, dance, branch, half.

a. — wad, watch, wand, lock, hough, knowledge.

î. — quit, been, sieve, busy, build, hymn, woman, pretty, English.

o. — wolf, wool, foot, would, could, pulpit, cushion.

ô. — come, does, flood, young, rough, such, touch.

î. — child, type, aisle, sleight, eye, buy, die, guide, choir.

û. — tube, feud, lieu, cue, suit, new, view, use, beauty.

oi. — toil, joist, toy, joyful, oyster, rejoice, employ.

ou. — our, round, doubt, owl, town, plow, vowel, renown.

EXERCISES ON THE SUBTONICS AND ATONICS.

[Spell each word by its sounds.]

- b** and **p**. — bib, babe, hobby ; pip, cape, happy.
d and **t**. — did, odd, eddy ; tip, top, totter.
g and **k**. — gig, plague, ragged ; kin, like, echo.
j and **ch**. — jar, join, ginger ; char, churl, charter.
z and **s**. — zone, adz, reason ; sun, pass, tussle.
th and **th**. — then, bathe, thither ; thin, lath, youth.
v and **f**. — vine, valve, nephew ; fine, cough, baffle.
zh and **sh**. — osier, vision, glazier ; ship, sure, ocean.
l. — lull, lily, silly, woolly, pallid.
m. — elm, lame, hammer, mummy.
n. — none, noun, linen, tannin.
r (smooth). — bard, bare, order, murmur.
r (trilled). — ray, ring, right, rough, reason.
ng. — bring, gang, anger, singing, think.
w. — win, one, wound, buoy, languid.
y. — yes, yield, alien, union, valiant.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

[The following sentences should be read so that every sound may be clearly enunciated. Particular care should be given to articulate the final consonant sounds.]

1. The babbling brook, with bursting bubbles, bounded by.
2. The prince and the peasant, the priest and the people, are rapidly passing away.
3. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, — No !
4. Thirteen times Thomas Tilton threw the twisted twine across the turbulent Tweed.
5. Give God the glory for His great goodness.
Gleams of glowing light glittered in his gloomy cell.
6. Kind creatures, keep calm, keep cool, keep quiet !
Kings and queens know how to keep their counsels concealed.

7. The judge and the jury joined in the joke.

Johnnie Jumper outjumped Jasper Jordan.

8. How charmingly the church bells chimed in the chill air of the churchyard !

9. The lazy Zany could not sound the *z* in such words as *dizzy*, *buzzard*, *hazard*, *wizard*, and *zigzag*.

10. Repeat distinctly the words, *acts*, *sects*, *mists*, *hosts*, *clasps*, *wasps*, *asks*, *risks*, *persists*, *restricts*.

11. The theme, though written in rhythm, is truly worth the time and trouble it hath cost him.

12. With a thick thimble, Theresa Thornton thrust thirty-three threads through the thick cloth.

13. The vile vagabond ventured to vilify the venerable veteran.

14. The fiercely flaming fire flashed fearfully in his face.

15. She uttered a sharp shrill shriek, and then shrank from the shriveled form that slumbered in the shroud.

16. The vizier had a vision of the mirage.

17. Repeat "She sought shelter" three times in rapid succession ; and then the same words reversed thus, "Shelter sought she."

18. The selfish elf placed all her paltry pelf upon the shelf.

19. Mighty winds and mountain waves make mournful music.

20. The nimble nymphs marched off in merry triumph.

21. The storm raged for four fearful hours, hiding from our view every form and feature of external nature.

22. The railroad ran directly across the rapid river.

23. The rapid torrent went rushing and roaring, and whirling and twirling, and rumbling and grumbling, amid the ragged rocks.

24. Bring me a ring and I will sing you a song.

25. What whim induced Walter White to whittle and whistle, as he walked away ?

26. In your youthful years, let your young hearts yearn after wisdom.

27. If you expect to excel, you must exert yourself to be exact in all things.

28. Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone.

How high his honors heaved his haughty head !

LESSON VI.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

1. A wealthy and distinguished merchant, on being asked, one evening, to state the secret of his success in life, gave the following interesting narration, which every youth should most carefully ponder.

2. "When I was quite a young lad," said he, "I went to pay a visit to my grandfather, a venerable old man, whose velvet cap, blue coat, and huge silver knee-buckles filled me with awe.

3. "On my bidding him good-by, he drew me gently to him, and, placing his hand on my head, said, 'My little grandson, I have one thing to say to you; will you try to remember it?' I looked into his face, and nodded; for I was afraid to promise aloud. 'Well,' he continued, 'I want to give you a piece of advice, which, if you follow it, will prove a sure passport to success. It is this: *In whatever you undertake, always do your best.*'

4. "This, indeed, was my grandfather's only legacy to me; but it has proved far better than silver and gold. I have never forgotten those words; and I believe I have tried to act upon them. After reaching home, my uncle gave my cousin Marcus and myself some weeding to do in the garden. It was in the afternoon, and we had laid our plans for something else. Of course, we were disappointed.

5. "Marcus was so ill-humored that he performed his part of the work very carelessly; and I began mine in the same manner. Suddenly, however, the advice of my grandfather was recalled to my mind, and I resolved to follow it. Indeed, I 'did my best.'

6. "When my uncle came out to oversee our work, I noticed

his look of approbation as his eye glanced over the flower-beds I had weeded ; and I shall never forget his kind and encouraging smile, as he remarked that my work was *well done*. O ! I was a glad and thankful boy ; while poor Marcus was left to drudge alone over his beds all the afternoon.

7. "At fifteen, I was sent to the Academy, where I had partly to support myself through the term. The lessons were hard at first, for I was not fond of study ; but my grandfather's advice was my constant motto, and *I tried to do my best*. As a consequence of this, I soon succeeded in obtaining the good opinion of my teachers, and was looked upon as a faithful, painstaking student.

8. "My character, too, became known beyond the Academy ; and, though I was but a small boy for my age, and not very strong, my mother had three or four places offered for me before the year was out, — one from the best merchant in the village, in whose store a situation as clerk was considered very desirable.

9. "The habit I had already acquired of faithfully *doing my best*, in whatever I had to do, still clung to me ; and although I did not possess unusual talents, I found difficulties vanish before me. I gained the confidence of those with whom I had dealings ; and, in short, prosperity has, with the blessing of God, crowned my efforts. My only *secret of success* has been my grandfather's legacy, — 'ALWAYS DO YOUR BEST.'"

DEFINITIONS.

A cad' e my, a school of high rank.

Ac quired', gained ; obtained.

Con' fi dence, trust ; boldness.

Con' se quence, result ; effect.

Dis ap point' ed, deprived of what is expected and desired.

Dis tin' guished, noted ; eminent.

En cour' a ging, cheering.

In' ter est ing, pleasing ; amusing.

Leg' a cy, any thing left by will.

Nar ra' tion, a story ; an account.

Pass' port, that which permits one to pass.

Pros per' i ty, success ; flourishing condition.

Tal' ents, abilities ; faculties.

Ven' er a ble, worthy of respect, or veneration.

LESSON LXII.

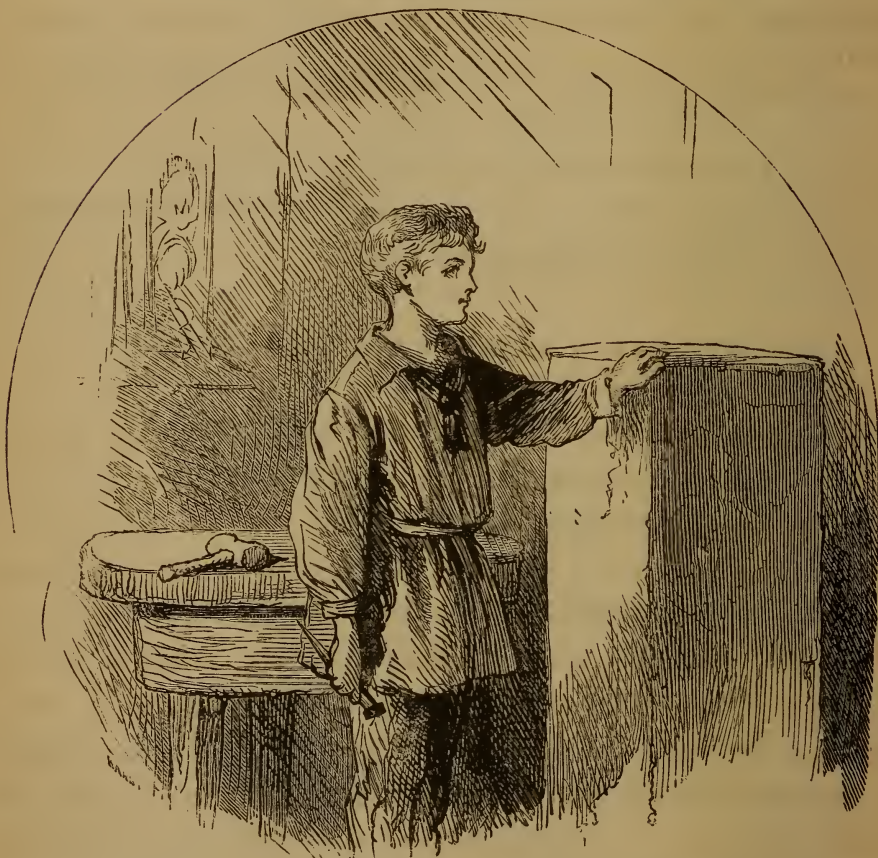
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

1. Go forth to the Battle of Life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day ;
For the years go out, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,—
Of those who may work or play.
2. And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before ;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,
Going down to the river where the two worlds meet :
They go to return no more.
3. There is room for *you* in the ranks, my boy,
And duty, too, assigned.
Step into the front with a cheerful grace, —
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.
4. There is work to do by the way, my boy,
That you *never can tread again* ;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men, —
Work for the plow, adz, spindle, and pen ;
Work for the hands and the brain.
5. Then go to the Battle of Life, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth ;
Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield
In the cause of Right and Truth.

LESSON LXIII.

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

1. Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him ;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.



He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone, —
He had caught that angel vision.

2. Sculptors of life are *we*, as we stand
 With our lives uncarved before us,
 Waiting the hour, when, at God's command,
 Our life-dream passes o'er us.
 Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
 With many a sharp incision ;
 Its heavenly beauty shall be our own, —
 Our lives, that angel vision.

DEFINITIONS.

In cīs' ion , a cut ; a cutting into.	Vis' ion , an appearance ; an illu-
Sculp' tor , one who carves figures out of stone.	sion. Yield' ing , giving way to ; soft.

LESSON LXIV.

GRACE DARLING.

1. In the month of September, in the year 1838, a steamship, proceeding from Hull, in England, to Dundee, in Scotland, encountered some very rough weather off the English coast. The vessel not being strong, and its machinery being defective, she was driven ashore, and wrecked on the rocks.

2. Many of the crew and passengers were washed off the deck and drowned ; and in a situation of such frightful peril, no one expected to escape. Early in the morning, the family who dwelt in the light-house beheld the vessel upon the rocks, with a powerful sea beating over her, and threatening her with complete destruction.

3. Darling, the keeper of the light-house, would fain have gone in his boat to rescue a few of the distressed passengers ; but he despaired of carrying his little bark through such a heavy sea. His daughter Grace, a young woman twenty-

two years of age, however, urged him to make the attempt, and offered to accompany him and work one of the oars.

4. They accordingly went, and, after great toil and exertion, succeeded in reaching the ill-fated vessel. Nine persons trusted their lives to the boat ; and, notwithstanding the raging of the sea, the whole party arrived safely at the light-house, where every kindness was shown to them.

5. As no one else was saved from the wreck, it may be concluded that these persons would have perished but for the heroism of Grace Darling, — that noble woman, who was willing to risk her own life rather than allow so many of her fellow-creatures to sink before her eyes, without making any effort in their behalf.

6. The generous conduct of this young woman attracted much attention. Her praises were in every mouth. Artists flocked to her lonely dwelling to take her portrait, and depict the scene of her courageous and humane deed. A sum exceeding five hundred pounds was presented to her ; and some of the most distinguished persons in the country wrote letters to her, containing the warmest expressions of admiration.

7. It is not probable that her name and her heroism will soon be forgotten. Yet this excellent woman, as modest as she was brave, was heard to remark, that, had she not been praised so highly for what she had done, she would never have deemed it worthy of special commendation.

DEFINITIONS.

At tract' ed, drew to (*at*, *to*) ;

caused to approach.

Com men da' tion, praise.

Cour age' ous, bold ; fearless.

De fect' ive, imperfect.

De pict', to describe ; to represent.

De spaired', gave up hope.

En coun' tered, met with.

Her' o ism, bravery.

Ill-fat' ed, unfortunate.

Ma chin' er y, the engine by which the vessel was propelled.

Por' trait, likeness ; representation of a face.

Sub scrip' tion, writing under (*sub*, *under*) ; contribution.

NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM FOURTH READER.

32. Give a critical review of the elementary sounds and their marking in the NEW GRADED READERS and WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, using table and drill exercises as given in the selection.

LESSON VI.

Review Steps 14 and 24, and apply the direction given in 28 to *verbs*.

33. Require the pupils to verify their work from the dictionary, in the class, until they form the *habit* of using the book.

34. Have each pupil give an accurate quotation of that thought or sentiment in the selection, which he deems the best.

LESSONS LXII, LXIII, LXIV.

Consult Step 28, and apply it to adjectives and have their meaning verified, in the class, *from the dictionary*.

Review Steps 24, 25, 29, and 30.

35. Have the pupils transpose the poetry into prose, both orally and in writing.

36. Accustom the pupils to question each other on the subject-matter as directed for teacher in Step 14.

37. Let some one pupil name points of thought to the class, and then require the class to find them in the selection and read them aloud.

MOTTOES and SAYINGS from the Fourth Reader should be prepared and used as directed in Step 31, for Third Reader.

The following list will aid in fixing this step in mind at Institutes :

1. "Always do your best."
2. "A fault concealed is a fault doubled."
3. "He who speaks with lying tongue,
Adds to wrong a greater wrong."

4. "He who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief."
5. "By your *actions* you're judged,
Be your *speech* what it may."
6. "Learn something every day."
7. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."
8. "They who work best talk the least."
9. "The years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win."
10. "What! sell honor to purchase remorse?"
Etc., Etc.

Add daily to the list and review frequently, and thus fix worthy life-thoughts in the mind.

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE FIFTH READER.

INTRODUCTION.

ELOCUTION.

PRINCIPLES, RULES, EXERCISES.

ELOCUTION is the delivery, or expression, of thought by means of speech.

Good Elocution requires distinct *articulation*, correct *pronunciation*, and proper *inflections*, *emphasis*, *pauses*, and *tones*.

[The principles of articulation and pronunciation, with the rules and exercises requisite to apply them, having been copiously treated in the preceding numbers of this series, are only briefly mentioned in the present volume.]

INFLECTION.

INFLECTIONS are turns or slides of the voice, used in reading or speaking; as, *Will you remainⁿ orⁿ depart?*

The Rising Inflection is an upward turn or slide of the voice, used when the voice ends higher than it begins; as, *Are you going home'?*

The Falling Inflection is a downward turn or slide of the voice, used when the voice ends lower than it begins; as, *When are you going'?*

The rising inflection is denoted by the acute accent, thus (´); and the falling inflection, by the grave accent, thus (`).

The Circumflex indicates the union of the rising and falling inflections on the same word. When the Circumflex begins with the *rising* and ends with the *falling* inflection, it is denoted

thus (^); and when it begins with the *falling* and ends with the *rising* inflection, it is denoted thus (_); as, *Can the dove live with the hawk?*

RULES FOR INFLECTION.

The *Falling Inflection* is required,

1. When the sense is completed, as at a semicolon or period.
2. In asking an indirect question, or one that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*; as, *Whom did you see?*
3. In expressing a command, or in an exclamation.

The *Rising Inflection* is required,

1. In asking a direct question, or one that can be answered by *yes* or *no*; as, *Did you see him?*
2. In addressing or calling. But in repeating a call, the falling inflection may be used; as, *John! John!*
3. The *Circumflex Inflection* is used in expressing ridicule, scorn, or surprise.

EXERCISES.

[Give the inflection as marked, and state the rule that applies to each case.]

1. Blessed are the pure in heart'; for they shall see God'.
2. Virtue exalts a nation'; but sin is a reproach to any people'.
3. Where are you going'? When will you return'?
4. Go to the ant', thou sluggard'; consider her ways, and be wise'.
5. Ring the bells'! Fire the cannon'! Hurrah'! Hurrah'!
6. John'! John'! Will you bring in some wood'?
7. What! sell honor to purchase remorse?
8. Do you think your hands were made to strike'? No'. To push'? No'. To scratch'? No'. To pinch'? No'. To fight'? No'. To take things that do not belong to you'? By no means'.
9. Will they do it'? Dare they do it'?
 Who is speaking'? What's the news'?
 What of Adams'? What of Sherman'?
 God grant they won't refuse'!

10. Sink' or swim', live' or die', survive' or perish', I give my hand and heart to this vote'.

11. Is not the man who is furiously bent on calumny a scōr-pion? Is not the person who is eagerly set on resentment and revenge a most venomous vīper? What do you say of a covetous man? Is he not a ravenous wōlf?

MONOTONE.

MONOTONE is the utterance of successive syllables on one unvaried key or tone of voice. It is employed in the delivery of passages that are expressive of awe, reverence, or sublimity.

EXERCISES.

1. Whēn I cōnsīdēr Thy hēavēns, thē wōrk ōf Thy fingērs, thē mōōn ānd thē stārs which Thōū hāst ōrdāined, whāt īs mān thāt Thōū ārt mīndfūl ōf hīm, ānd thē sōn ōf mān thāt Thōū vīsītēst hīm?

2. Mōūntāins! whō wās yōūr Būildēr? Whō lāid yōūr āwful fōūndātīōns īn thē cēntrāl fīres, ānd pīlēd yōūr rōcks ānd snōw-cāppēd sūmmīts āmōng thē clōūds? I knōw whō būilt yōu. It wās GŌD!

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the distinguishing of a particular word, or words, of a sentence by stress of the voice, inflection, or pause.

Upon the proper placing of the emphasis depends not only the meaning of what is read or spoken, but the life and spirit of its delivery. In order to determine the proper emphasis to be given, the reader or speaker must himself thoroughly comprehend the ideas and feelings to be expressed. Without this, no rule can be correctly applied.

Emphasis is either *absolute* or *antithetic*. It is absolute when it depends upon the importance of a particular idea without direct reference to any other. It is antithetic when it depends upon the comparison or contrast of one thought or fact with another.

Thus, "Let not *mercy* and *truth* forsake thee" is an example of the absolute emphasis of the words *mercy* and *truth*. "I want a *pen*, not a *book*," is an example of antithetic emphasis, *pen* and *book* being in contrast.

Rules.

1. *Important* words may be emphasized by simple stress of the voice, or by a rising or falling inflection; as, Will *you'* go to town? I will *not'* go to town.

2. Words in contrast should be emphasized by stress, and by using one kind of inflection with one word, and the opposite kind with the other; as, I said *yes'*, not *no'*. I want a *pen'*, not a *book*.

3. Emphasis is strengthened by increasing the force and pitch of the voice; as, *Lost!* LOST! LOST! a pearl of price. He ran, and cried, *Fire!* FIRE! FIRE! *To arms!* To ARMS! To ARMS! they cry.

EXERCISES.

[The lowest degree of emphasis is usually marked by *Italics*; the next higher degree, by SMALL CAPITALS; the highest degree, by LARGE CAPITALS.]

Absolute Emphasis.

1. Go, ring the *bells* and fire the *guns*,
And fling the *starry banners* out;
Shout "FREEDOM" till your *lisping ones*
Give back their *cradle* shout.
2. *Hurrah!* HURRAH! it shakes the *wave*,
It thunders on the *shore*, —
One *flag*, one *land*, one *heart*, one *hand*,
One NATION *evermore!*
3. *Strike* — till the last *armed foe* expires;
STRIKE — for your *altars* and your *fires*;
STRIKE — for the green graves of your *sires*;
God, and your *native land!*

4. *Hereditary bondsmen ! Know ye not,
Who would be free, THEMSELVES must strike the blow ?*

5. STAND ! the ground 's your *own*, my *braves* !
Will ye give it up to *slaves* ?
Will ye look for greener *graves* ?
Hope ye *mercy* still ?

6. They tell us, sir, that we are WEAK, — unable to *cope* with so formidable an adversary. But *when* shall we be STRONGER ? Will it be the *next week*, or the *next year* ? Will it be when we are totally *disarmed*, and a British guard is stationed in every *house* ? Shall we gather strength by *irresolution* and *inaction* ?

Antithetic Emphasis.

1. It is more blessed to *give* than to *receive*.
2. I came not to call the *righteous*, but *sinn*ers to repentance.
3. The *wise man* is happy when he gains his *own* esteem ; the *fool*, when he gains that of *others*.

4. Not that I loved *Cæsar* LESS, but *Rome* MORE.

5. It is *sown* in *weakness*, it is *raised* in *power* : it is *sown* a NATURAL body, it is *raised* a SPIRITUAL body.

6. A *day*, an *hour* of *virtuous liberty* is worth a whole ETERNITY of *bondage*.

7. TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall *rise again*,
The *eternal years* of *God* are hers ;
But ERROR, wounded, *writhes with pain*,
And *dies* amid his *worshippers*.

8. Not, my soul, what thou *hast done*,
But what thou *now art doing* ;
Not the course which thou *hast run*,
But that which thou 'rt *pursuing*.

9. If Wisdom's ways you 'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care :
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*.

PAUSES.

A PAUSE, or rest, is a suspension of the voice in reading or speaking, in order to express the meaning more clearly, or give force to the expression.

Pauses are in part indicated by the punctuation marks ; but the meaning frequently requires a pause where no mark is used to indicate it. This is sometimes called the *Rhetorical Pause*.

Elocution depends, in great measure, for its spirit, force, and expressiveness, upon a judicious use of pauses, both as to their position and length.

RULES FOR PAUSES.

1. The subject of a sentence, especially if long or involved, should be followed by a pause ; as, *That Columbus discovered America — is a well-known fact.*

2. The object of a verb, when it consists of several words, should be preceded by a pause ; as, “ *They tell us — that we are weak.* ”

3. Emphatic words should be followed by a pause, varying in length according to the degree of the emphasis ; as, *John — not William — is deserving of censure.*

4. When an emphatic word closes the sentence, it should be preceded by a pause ; as, *His sentence was — death.*

TONES.

TONES are those variations of the voice which are used in reading and speaking to give expression to the feelings inspired by the subject.

Tones depend on the *pitch*, *force*, *quantity*, and *quality* of the sounds produced by the voice. The varied use of these constitutes what is called *Modulation*.

The Pitch may be *high*, *low*, or *middle*. It is high when it rises above the usual speaking tone ; as in expressing feelings of joy, or in calling to a person at a distance. It is low when it falls below the usual speaking tone ; as in expressing emotions of awe, rever-

ence, or sublimity. The middle pitch is that used in common conversation.

The principal degrees of Force may be represented as *loud*, *middle*, and *soft*; although they embrace every variety of tone from a soft whisper to a vehement shout.

Quantity has reference to the length or shortness of the sounds, or the movement of the voice; as, *slow*, *medium*, *quick*. Thus, in the expression of feelings of reverence the movement is slow and measured; but in expressing anger or alarm it should be rapid.

By *quality* is meant the kind of tone; as rough or smooth, clear or harsh.

EXERCISES IN MODULATION.

MIDDLE PITCH.

1. There is a gem of greater worth
Than all the jewels fair of earth,
Which had from God its wondrous birth;
It is the mind.

2. The joyful season of spring has again returned. The birds have come back once more to make their home with us, and fill the air with their sweet music. The trees are putting forth their green leaves, and the flowers are preparing to refresh our senses with their beautiful colors and delightful fragrance.

LOW PITCH.

1. O, show me where is He,
The high and holy One,
To whom thou bend'st the knee,
And pray'st, "Thy will be done!"

2. God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. He stood, and measured the earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the nations: the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: His ways are everlasting.

3. The thunders hushed, —
 The trembling lightning fled away in fear, —
 The foam-capt surges sunk to quiet rest, —
 The raging winds grew still, —
 There was a calm.

HIGH PITCH.

1. Hark ! 't is a mother's cry,
 High o'er the tumult wild,
 As, rushing toward her flame-wrapped house,
 She shrieked, " MY CHILD ! MY CHILD ! "
2. One of the men, leaping upon a rock, waved his hat, and shouted in tones that rang like a clarion, "*Liberty !* LIBERTY ! LIBERTY ! to every one that shall man the boats, and go to the rescue ! "
3. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
 List the boy's exultant cry !
 " RING ! " he shouts aloud ; " RING, Grandpa !
 RING ! O, RING FOR LIBERTY ! "

FORCE.

SOFT TONES.

1. Step softly ! The doctor says he is a very sick man !
2. The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sighed for pity as it answered, — " No. "
3. Hear the gentle summer winds,
 Zephyr winds !
 Of what sweet Æolian music their melody reminds !
 How they whisper — whisper — whisper —
 Through the balmy air of night !

LOUD TONES.

Loud Tones are employed in calling to a person at a distance, and are used in expressing vehement emotions.

EXERCISES.

1. YOUNG MEN, AHoy ! BEWARE ! BEWARE ! THE RAPIDS ARE BELOW YOU !

2. See, boy, see,
They strike ! HURRAH ! the fort has surrendered !
SHOUT ! SHOUT ! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about !
HURRAH ! HURRAH ! for the fiery fort is ours.
“ VICTORY ! ” “ VICTORY ! ” “ VICTORY ! ” is the shout.

MOVEMENT.

[The *Movement* should never be so *rapid* as to render the words indistinct, nor so *slow* as to become sluggish, or cause the listener to anticipate what the speaker is about to utter.]

EXERCISES.

Slow Movement.

1. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Rapid Movement.

2. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point ! Up with the helm ! Now turn ! Pull hard ! Quick ! quick ! quick ! pull for your lives ! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow ! Set the mast in the socket ! Hoist the sail !

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

Low and Slow.

1. TOLL ! TOLL ! TOLL !
For the old year slowly dying,
Grim, gaunt, sere,
On the breast of Time now lying.

Hopes of youth are fleeting,
 Hearts with care are beating ;
 Ho ! ye wardens of the bells,
 TOLL ! TOLL ! TOLL !

High and Rapid.

2. RING ! RING ! RING !
 A welcome to the bright New Year !
 Life, Hope, Joy,
 On his radiant brow appear ;
 Hearts with love are thrilling,
 Homes with beauty filling ;
 Ho ! ye wardens of the bells,
 RING ! RING ! RING !

Slow and Plaintive.

3. In vain he whispers the names of father and sister. No soft hand and gentle voice bless and soothe him. His head sinks back ; one convulsive shudder, — HE IS DEAD ! They scoop him a grave ; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth.

Cheerful and Spirited.

4. CHEER UP ! my friend, CHEER UP, I say ;
 Give not thy heart to gloom and sorrow ;
 Though clouds enshroud thy path *to-day*,
 The sun will shine again *to-morrow*.
 O, look not with desponding sigh
 Upon these little, trifling troubles ;
 CHEER UP ! you 'll see them by and by
 Just as they are, — like empty bubbles.

Rapid Movement.

5. Away, away, o'er the dashing spray,
 My bark speeds light and free ;
 And the piping gale, through the straining sail,
 Whistles loud in its merry glee.

Lively Movement.

6. Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
 'T is the merry, merry sleigh,
 As it swiftly scuds along,
 Hear the burst of happy song;
 Jingle, jingle, bells so bright,
 Flashing o'er the pathway white.

QUALITY.

The qualities of tone mostly used in reading or speaking, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Aspirated*, and the *Guttural*.

PURE TONE.

The *Pure Tone*, the one most to be employed, is a clear, smooth flow of sound, free from any harshness or impurity. It is used in expressing sentiments of *cheerfulness*, *love*, and *peace*.

EXERCISES.

1. Speak *gently*; it is better far
 To rule by *love* than *fear*.
 Speak *gently*; let no *harsh word* mar
 The *good* we might do here.

2. The pulses of Nature never beat more audibly and musically than about "the leafy month of June"; life, everywhere life, — in field and flood, in earth and air and sky. Life in all forms; life with a sweet breath in it, life with a song in it, life with a *light* in it.

3. For they said, — "We will take that long, long walk
 In the hawthorn copse to-day,
 And gather great bunches of lovely flowers
 From off the scented May;
 And O, we shall be *so* happy there,
 'T will be sorrow to come away!"

OROTUND QUALITY.

The *Orotund* is a round, deep, full tone of voice, which is em-

ployed in uttering passages of a sublime, energetic, or pathetic character. It is the highest perfection of voice ; and no pains should be spared in acquiring it, by every one who desires to excel in public speaking.

EXERCISES.

1. Mountains ! ye are growing old ! ye must die ! Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb ; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the Apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

2. There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

3. Those champions of liberty are gone ! They rest from their labors ! Peace to their ashes !

4. O, the grave ! the grave ! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment ! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.

ASPIRATED QUALITY.

The *Aspirated Tone* of voice is not a pure vocal sound, but rather a forcible breathing utterance, making the sounds partly vocal and partly aspirate. It is used to express *fear, amazement, anger, and revenge.*

EXERCISES.

1. While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe ! they come ! they come !

2. Hush ! Keep still ! Don't breathe a loud word ! They little suspect where we are. How eagerly they seek to find us !

3. Hush ! breathe it not aloud,
The wild winds must not hear it ! Yet, again,
I tell thee — we are free !

GUTTURAL* QUALITY.

The *guttural quality* is a deep, harsh, grating tone of voice, which seems to issue from an obstructed throat. It is used to express *hatred, contempt, and loathing*.

EXERCISES.

1. O, take the maddening bowl away,
Remove the poisonous cup !
My soul is sick, — its burning ray
Hath drunk my spirit up.
Take, take it from my loathing lip,
Ere madness fires my brain ;
Take, take it hence, nor let me sip
Its liquid death again !

2. But here I stand and scoff you ! Here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face !

MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

Vehement Emotion.

1. Give me poverty, stripes, and chains, — give me shame, give me destitution, give me want, give me abject misery and distress, give me bereavement, let my heart be wrung by every emotion that can agonize man, make me a wanderer in the earth, and give me an ignoble death, rather than permit my country to perish.

Low and Slow.

2. Be silent, Abel ; for now I 've come
To read your doom !
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit.

High and Loud.

3. Come one ! come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

* From *guttur*, the throat.

Slow Movement.

4. Tho heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Low to High.

5. The father came on deck, — he gasped,
“O God! Thy will be done!”
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son.
“JUMP, FAR OUT, BOY, INTO THE WAVE!
JUMP, OR I FIRE!” he said;
“This chance alone your life can save;
JUMP! JUMP!” The boy obeyed.

LOW AND SLOW, HIGH AND RAPID.

Low and Slow.

TOLL for the dead, TOLL, TOLL!

High and Quick.

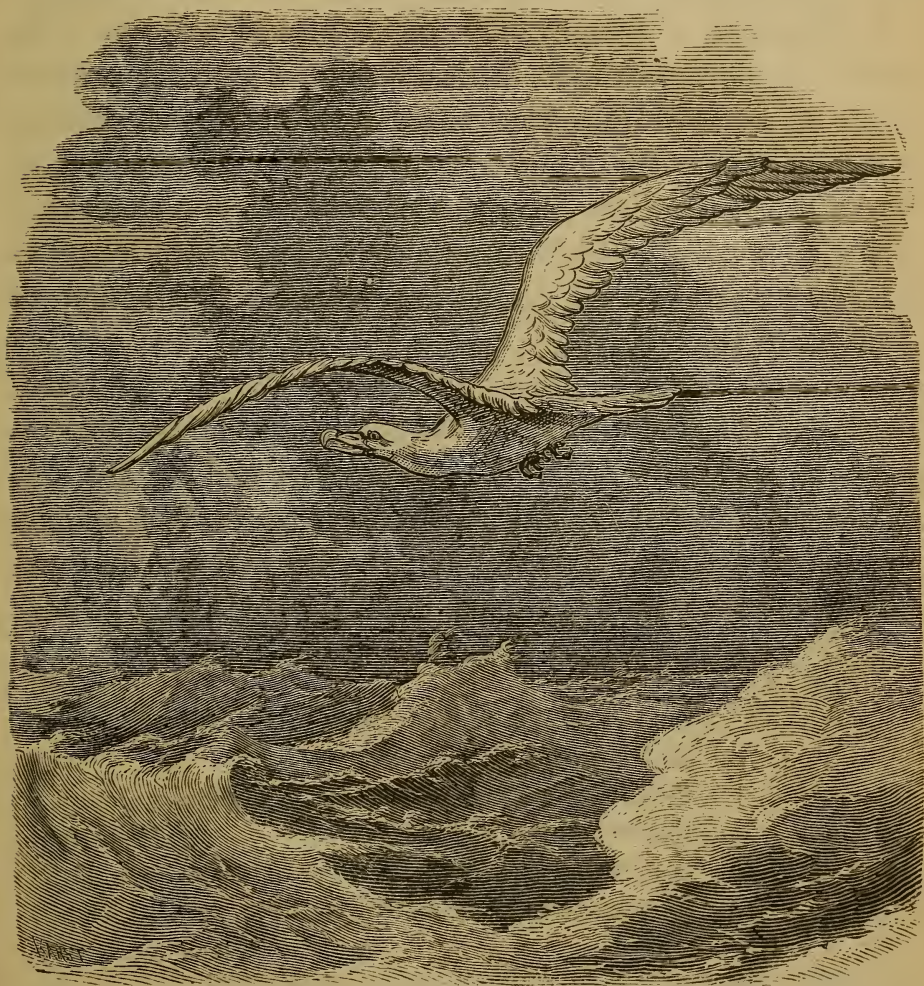
No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout!
For the pearly gates they have entered in,
And they no more shall sin, —
Ring out, ye bells, ring! ring!



LESSON XLIII.

THE ALBATROSS.

1. While off the coast of Patagonia, when the weather permitted, some of the passengers, and the watch on duty, occupied themselves in fishing for albatrosses. They are caught by



baiting a hook with pork or blubber, fastening a piece of wood near the bait so that it may be kept floating, and letting it tow astern.

2. These noble birds would wheel and hover over it, and at length alight on the water like a swan, often succeeding in getting all the bait without being hooked. But six or seven times some of them were taken and hauled aboard, the unsuspected hook catching within their long bills. They measured nine or ten feet across the wings. The first one was killed and stuffed, to be carried home for some museum. The rest were sacrificed for their long bills, wings, and large web-feet.

3. This bird is uncommonly beautiful and majestic. Its motion through space is the easiest and most graceful conceivable. In storm or calm, once raised upon its broad pinions, which are never seen to flutter, away it sails, self-propelled, as naturally as we breathe ; a motion of the head, or a slight curl of a wing serving to turn it, as the course of a rapid skater is ruled at pleasure by an almost imperceptible inclination to the right or left.

4. A poor Peruvian, who was working his passage home, ascribed all the bad weather and high winds which we experienced to our having killed the albatrosses ; and he and the superstitious cook, in the height of the gale, prevailed upon a young passenger who had taken one the day previous, and was keeping it alive in the long-boat, to let the noble bird go free.

5. Like the mariners in Coleridge's rhyme,* they said, —

“We had done a wicked thing,
And it would work us woe :
Stout they averred we had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
‘Ah, wretch !’ said they, ‘the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !’”

6. This glorious bird is the most beautiful and lovable object of the animate world which the adventurer meets with

* This refers to the “Ancient Mariner,” a celebrated poem by the English poet, S. T. Coleridge.

in all the South Pacific. When on the wing it is the very *beau ideal* of beauty and grace. Seamen ought to love and prize it dearly, for the drear monotony of life at sea is often relieved by its always welcome appearance; and many an hour is spent by the voyager in watching with admiration its glorious curves and swoops in the elastic ocean of air, — a free race-ground where it has no competitor.

7. A writer, who must have seen the bird in its native seas, says that it flies against, as well as before, the wind, and hovers around a ship at sea, never outstripped by its speed. "It enjoys the calm, and sports in the sunbeams on the glassy wave; but it revels in the storm, and darts its arrowy way before the fury of the gale. It seems to be then in its element. Mocking the surges of the mighty sea, and breasting the tempest's blast, its flight has not less sublimity, perhaps, than that of the eagle darting upward to the skies.

8. "It is a beautiful sight to behold this noble bird sailing in the air in light and graceful movements. After the first muscular exertion which gives impulse to its flight, its wings are always expanded, like the sails of a ship, and show no motion, — as if it were wafted on by some invisible power. It is from this cause that it sustains untired its long and distant flight across the sea."

Rev. H. T. Cheever.

WORD ANALYSIS AND DEFINITIONS.

A verred' (*verred*), declared; asserted.

Beau ideal (*bo i dē al*), a conception of perfect beauty.

Com pet' i tor (*com, with; petitor, one who seeks*), one who strives with others for the same object; a rival.

Ex pand' (*ex, out; pand, spread*), to become opened; to spread apart.

Mo not' o ny (*mono, one; tony, tone or sound*), sameness of sound.

Pro pel' (*pro, forward; pel, to urge*), to drive forward.

Su per sti' tious, prone to believe in what is mysterious or wonderful; full of idle fancies in regard to religion.

Sus tain' (*sus for sub, under; tain, hold*), to hold up; to support.

LESSON XLIV.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG.

1. On the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death ;
Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath ?
'T is the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair ;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.
2. Who watches their course who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze ?
Who lists to their shrieks who so wildly
Are clasped in the arms of the seas ?
'T is the sea-bird, &c.
3. Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck ?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover,
With its shadow, the foundering wreck ?
'T is the sea-bird, &c.
4. My eye in the light of the billow,
My wing on the wake of the wave,
I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,
The shroud of the fair and the brave.
I 'm a sea-bird, &c.
5. My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
When hoarse the wild winds veer about ;
My eye, when the bark is benighted,
Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.

I'm the sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, sea-bird, sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Brainard.

LESSON XLV.

MY SHIPS.

1. I have ships that went to sea,
Long ago, long ago;
With what tidings I can learn,
I've been waiting their return,
But the homeward gales for me
Never blow, never blow.
2. In the distance they are seen
On the deep, on the deep,
Plowing through the swelling tide,
With the dim stars for a guide,
While the angry waves between
Never sleep, never sleep.
3. There are breakers setting in
For the shore, for the shore;
And it may be, in their frown,
That my ships will all go down,
With their precious freight within,
Evermore, evermore.
4. There is little cheer for me,
Waiting so, waiting so;

Waiting through the starless night
For the coming of the light,
For my ships which went to sea
Long ago, long ago.

5. I've a ship which went to sea
Years ago, years ago,
And the gallant little craft
Beats the tempest fore and aft,
While the homeward gales to me
Ever blow, ever blow.
6. Little heedeth she the storm,
Or the night, or the night;
For her anchor is secure,
And her timbers will endure
Till the coming of the morn,
Pure and bright, pure and bright.
7. Lone and weary have I been, —
Who can tell, who can tell?
All the anguish of the soul,
While the billows round me roll,
Till my ships come sailing in,
Freighted well, freighted well.
8. Then I'll keep this little craft,
Sailing on, sailing on;
She will bear me safely o'er
Far beyond the billow's roar,
For my passage is secure,
TO MY HOME, TO MY HOME.

J. W. Barker.

LESSON LIX.

THE GRAY SWAN.

1. "O, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship'?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew:
"Your little lad', your Elihu'?"
He said with trembling lip:
"What little lad' ? What ship' ?"
2. "What little lad' ? as if there *could* be
Another such a one as he !
What little lad, do you say' ?
Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee !
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away !"
3. "The other day' ?" — the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise, —
"The other day' ? the Swan' ?"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir ! here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on !"
"And so your lad is gone ?"
4. "But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago' ?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so !
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back !"

5. "And did the little, lawless lad,
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew'?"
"Lawless! The man is going mad!
The *best boy* ever mother had; —
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"
6. "And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 't was wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine;
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man! What would you have?"
7. "Gone, twenty years, — a long, long cruise!
'T was wicked thus your love to abuse!
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can
Forgive him?" — "Miserable man!
You're mad as the sea, — you rave.
What have I to forgive?"
8. The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"O God, my Father! is it true?
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead, my living child!"

Alice Cary.

QUESTIONS. Between whom is the dialogue in this piece? How should it be read? *Ans.* With a great variety of inflections and tones. What is this piece designed to illustrate? *Ans.* A mother's love and forgiveness.

LESSON LXX.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

1. There was joy in the ship, as she furrowed the foam ;
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed fondly her babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest ;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight in the face of his bride.
2. " O, happy ! " said he, " when our roaming is o'er,
We 'll dwell in a cottage that stands by the shore !
Already, in fancy, its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky ;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall,
And the kind friends awaiting to welcome us all."
3. Hark ! hark ! what was that ? Hark ! hark to the shout !—
" *Fire ! FIRE !*" then a tramp and a rush and a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air.
And the mother knelt down ; and the half-spoken prayer
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, " Father, have mercy ! look down on my child !"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side :
O, *there* was her refuge, whatever betide !
4. *Fire ! FIRE !* it is raging above and below ;
And the smoke and hot cinders all blindingly blow.
The cheek of the sailor grew pale at the sight,
And his eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
The smoke, in thick wreaths, mounted higher and higher !—
O God ! it is fearful to perish by fire !

5. Alone with destruction ! alone on the sea !
Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in Thee !
They prayed for the light ; and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.



“ A sail, ho ! a sail ! ” cried the man on the lee ;
“ A sail ! ” and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
“ They see us ! They see us ! The signal is waved !
They bear down upon us ! Thank Heaven ! We are saved ! ”

Charles Mackay.

LESSON C.

THE RIDERLESS STEEDS.

[It is related that, on the morning after the terrible battle of Sedan (September 1, 1870), six hundred cavalry-horses, without riders, galloped up at the sound of the bugles, and took their accustomed places in the French ranks.]

1. Morning dawns on the heights of Sedan,
 And the golden sunlight falls
Over the woods and rocky steeps,
 Over the castle-walls, —
Over the valley of the Meuse,
 Over the tented ground,
Where the scattered hosts are rallying
 At the shrill bugle's sound.
2. But yesterday, and the sun looked down
 On a dark and fearful sight,
When hostile foe met hostile foe
 In stern, unyielding fight ;
And galloping to the rendezvous,
 On the bright September morn,
Six hundred riderless steeds rush on,
 At the sound of the bugle-horn.
3. Morning dawns on the battle-field ;
 And under the calm, blue sky,
Sleeping the still, cold sleep of death,
 Six hundred horsemen lie.
No sound of the bugle stirs their souls
 To the struggle and the strife ;
No sound but the angel-trump shall call
 The fallen again to life.

4. The broken ranks of the cuirassiers,
 The warriors stout and bold,
 Are gathering in at the martial call,
 And the saddened tale is told ;
 While, galloping to the rendezvous,
 On the bright September morn,
 Six hundred riderless steeds rush on,
 At the sound of the bugle-horn.

Mrs. Bartlett.

LESSON CI.

ZENOBIAS'S DEFENSE.

1. I am charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, arts, or arms, who was *not* ambitious? Cæsar* was not more ambitious than Cicero.† It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. *That* I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra?‡ I am applauded by you all

* *Cæsar, Caius Julius*, the Roman Dictator, was born B. C. 100. He was famous not only as a general, but as a statesman and an orator. He perished by the hands of assassins, in the Senate House, B. C. 44.

† *Cicero, Marcus Tullius*, the great Roman orator, was born at Arpinum, in Italy, B. C. 106. He was assassinated B. C. 43, by order of the Triumvirate, who then ruled at Rome.

‡ *Cleopatra*, the celebrated queen of Egypt, succeeded to the throne B. C. 48, being assisted in obtaining it by Julius Cæsar. She committed suicide B. C. 30, to avoid falling into the hands of Octavius, after the battle of Actium, B. C. 30.

for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

2. But why pause here? Is *so much* ambition praiseworthy, and *more* criminal? Is it fixed in nature that the limits of this Empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limit, but is broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra* possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, — I would that the *world* were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

3. Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer, Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed, what city pillaged, what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than *within* you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love.

4. Suppose, now, my ambition should add another province to our realm. Would that be an evil? The kingdoms already bound to us by the joint acts of ourself and the late royal

* *Palmyra*, anciently called *Tadmor* (meaning “City of Palms”), was founded by Solomon, in one of the oases of the Syrian Desert. It was situated about 140 miles east of Damascus, and, being on the route to Persia and India, became the resting-place of the caravans. Under Zenobia, it became a great and splendid city, and was enriched with the various treasures of the East. It was destroyed by the Saracens, A. D. 744. Its ruins still mark the spot where this renowned city stood.

Odenatus,* we found discordant and at war. They are now united and at peace. One harmonious whole has grown out of hostile and sundered parts. At my hands they receive a common justice and equal benefits. The channels of their commerce have I opened, and dug them deep and sure. Prosperity and plenty are in all their borders. The streets of our capital bear testimony to the distant and various industry which here seeks its market.

5. This is no vain boasting ; receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth. He who traduces *himself* sins in the same way as he who traduces *another*. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest upon ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and I will bear it.

6. But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you, then, that I *am* ambitious, that I *crave dominion*, and while I live *will* reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive, too, — you can bear me witness that I do, — that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored, unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.†

William Ware.

* *Odenatus*, *Septimius*, was the son of an Arabian Sheik. He allied himself with the Romans against Sa'por, King of Persia, and after the defeat of the latter, was associated with Gallie'nus, as Roman Emperor. He was married to Zenobia, who remained queen of Palmyra after his death.

† *Zenobia*, *Septimia*, a princess of Arabian descent, who became queen of Palmyra after the murder of her husband, Odenatus, 267 A. D. She was noted for her beauty and literary attainments, as well as for her energy and address as a queen. *Lon g'nnus*, the celebrated critic, was her secretary. She was defeated by the Roman emperor Aurelian in several battles, and, having been made captive, was made to grace his triumph in Rome, 273 A. D. The remainder of her life was passed in Italy.

LESSON CII.

ROME AND CARTHAGE.

1. Rome and Carthage!—behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burdened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers.

2. She is semi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her,—nothing behind. For a time, these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eye-sore to Rome. Seated on opposite banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

3. The final event of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two races,—that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two nations,—the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two republics,—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic,—Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet,—Carthage, old, rich, and crafty,—Rome, young, poor, and robust. The past and the future; the spirit of discovery and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the

East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire.

4. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two nations, personified in two men, Hannibal* and Scipio,† close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish,—*Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies,—collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort,—throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth!‡

Victor Hugo.

* *Hannibal* was the most illustrious of the Carthaginian generals. He gained a series of great victories over the Romans; but was, at last, defeated by Scipio at the famous battle of Zama, fought 202 B. C. He was afterwards compelled to take refuge in Syria, when, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies, he committed suicide 183 B. C.

† *Scipio*, called, from his victories over the Carthaginians, *Scipio Africa'nus*, was one of the most celebrated of the Roman generals. He died 183 B. C., in exile, having been unjustly accused by his ungrateful countrymen of embezzling some of the spoils of the vanquished Syrians.

‡ Three great wars were waged between the two rival republics, Rome and Carthage, called the *Punic Wars*. In the second of these wars, Rome was, for a time, by the daring and brilliant military genius of Hannibal, brought to the greatest extremity of peril; but she was saved by the victories of Scipio. The third Punic war was brought on by the continued jealousy of Rome toward her rival, and her determination to destroy her. Cato, one of the Roman senators, ended every one of his speeches with the words, "Carthage must be destroyed." Carthage knew her weakness, and complied with every demand of her enemy, till the people were told they must abandon their city, so that it might be destroyed. Then, with the energy of despair, they made a brave but unavailing resistance. The city was taken and set on fire, and continued to burn for seventeen days. The fortifications were razed, and the site on which it stood was cleared of every habitation. This memorable event occurred 146 B. C.

LESSON CXII.

TOLL, THEN, NO MORE!

1. Toll for the dead, toll! toll!

No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout!
 For the pearly gates they have entered in,
 And they no more shall sin, —
 Ring out, ye bells, *ring*! RING!

2. Toll for the living, toll! toll!

No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout!
 For they do His work 'mid toil and din;
 They, too, the goal shall win, —
 Ring out, ye bells, *ring*! RING!

3. Toll for the coming, toll! toll!

No, no! Ring out, ye bells, ring out and shout!
 For 't is theirs to conquer, theirs to win
 The final entering in, —
 Ring out, ye bells, *ring*! RING!

4. Toll, then, no more, ye bells!

No, no! Ring out, O bells, ring out and shout!
 The Was, the Is, the Shall Be, and all men
 Are in His hand! Amen!
 Ring out, ye bells, *ring*! RING!

R. R. Bowker.

LESSON CXIII.

IS HE A MAN?

1. *Is he a man?* I ask not, is he famed
 Among the learned of his native land?

Is he a *man*? I ask not, is he named
 The champion leader of war's blood-stained band?
 There's something *nobler* in a man than lore;
He's less than man whose hand is stained with gore.

2. *Is he a man?* I ask not, does he own
 Gold, splendid palaces, and large domains?
 I ask not if he sits upon a throne,
 And holds ten thousand cringing slaves in chains.
 He's less than man whose heart is stern and cold,
 Though thrones are his, and palaces, and gold.

3. *Is he a man?* I ask, does he possess
 The spark of love within his bosom glowing?
 Steals from his eye the tear of tenderness?
 Is Pity's fount within his heart o'erflowing?
 If this be so, though poorest of the clan,
 He well may claim the dignity of MAN.

R. Hinchcliff.

LESSON CXIV.

A TRUE LIFE.

1. There is, even on this side of the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters; an oasis, not in the desert, but beyond it; a rest, profound and blissful as that of the soldier returned forever from the dangers, the hardships, and turmoil of war, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle whose blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

2. This haven, this oasis, this rest is a serene and hale old age. The tired traveler has abandoned the dusty, crowded,

jostling highway of life, for one of its shadiest and least-noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear. The myriad footfall on the city's stony walks is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil, or trade, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished, and he has come home to enjoy, tranquil and unharassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening.

3. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve? What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies or the poverty of a bankrupt; whether his couch be of down or rushes, his dwelling a hut or a mansion.

4. He has lived to little purpose, indeed, if he has not long since realized that *wealth and renown are not the true ends of exertion*, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill-fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close, — if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful, — should ask not for broad acres, or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted old age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity; but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask rather, "Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions? *Has he lived a true life?*"

5. A true life! Of how many may it be said, "They have not lived true lives"! The base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage; the grasper of gold,

and lands, and tenements; the devotee of pleasure; the man of ignoble and sinister ambition; the woman of frivolity, extravagance, and fashion; the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary,—on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment, of the world!

6. A true life must be *simple* in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is vice alone that seems unaccountable, — monstrous, — well-nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as health to the body, and its absence alike the inevitable source of pain.

7. A true life must be *calm*. A life imperfectly directed is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. “Is not the life more than meat?” Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it! And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling!

8. What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude! How like the wars of the infuriated animalculæ in a magnified drop of water is the strife constantly waged in each little mind! How Sloth is jostled by Gluttony, Pride wrestled with by Avarice, and Ostentation bearded by Meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue affords lodgment, and scope, and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare can not be indulged

with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

9. A true life must be *genial* and *joyous*. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen may be very sure he has chosen amiss or is self-deceived. But not merely happier, he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. "I love God and little children," says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely; and he who finds his religion averse to, or a restraint upon, the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its sublimer objects, may well doubt whether he has indeed "learned of Jesus."

Horace Greeley.

WORD ANALYSIS AND DEFINITIONS.

Ag gran' dize ment, the act of enlarging or elevating.

An i mal' cu læ (plural of *animalcula*), animalcules, or very small animals, — too small to be seen with the naked eye.

A re' na (in the Latin, *sand*), a place of public contest. In the ancient amphitheaters it was covered with sand.

Ex trav' a gance (*extra, beyond*; **vagance**, *a wandering*), a going beyond due limits; wastefulness; excess.

I dol' a ter (*idol, image, later, one who worships*), a worshiper of images or idols.

Ig no' ble (*ig* for *in, not*), not noble; mean; worthless.

Im pu' ni ty (*im, not*; **pun, punish**; **ity, state of being**), state of being without punishment; exemption from penalty.

In ev' i ta ble (*evit, avoid*), not to be avoided; unavoidable.

Pre dom' in ance (*pre, before*; **dominance, rule**), superior rule; ascendancy.

Sin' is ter (Latin, *left*), left; unlucky; dishonest.

Sub serv' i ence (*sub, under*; **servience, serving**), state of serving as an inferior or subordinate.

Ten'e ment (*tene, hold*; **ment, that which**), anything held; a dwelling-house, erected for the purpose of being rented.

NOTES ON SELECTIONS FROM FIFTH READER.

The elocutionary matter selected from the NEW GRADED FIFTH READER, although brief, affords ample scope for all needed drill in institutes or normal classes.

Institute instructors and teachers are well aware that intelligence and a cultivated literary taste underlie good elocution.

No emotional reading is possible where the mind does not comprehend readily the fine shades of thought to be expressed.

The examples here given to illustrate each point of vocal culture, can be committed to memory quite easily by taking one type example daily and reviewing frequently.

When these type examples are once fixed well in mind, they become the key-note to reading.

38. Require the pupils to prepare a diagram of Elocution, somewhat as follows. Have them define and illustrate some part daily, using a few moments on the diagram before the other part of the reading lesson is taken up.

ELOCUTION.	INFLECTION.	{	RISING.	{	
			FALLING.		
			CIRCUMFLEX.		
			MONOTONE.		
	EMPHASIS.	{	ABSOLUTE.	{	STRESS.
			SECURED BY		PAUSE.
			ANTITHETIC.		INFLEXION.
	PAUSES.	{	GRAMMATICAL.	{	
			RHETORICAL.		
	TONES DEPENDING ON	{	PITCH.	{	HIGH.
					MIDDLE.
					LOW.
		{	FORCE.	{	LOUD.
					MIDDLE.
					SOFT.
		{	QUANTITY.	{	QUICK.
					MEDIUM.
					SLOW.
		{	QUALITY.	{	PURE.
					OROTUND.
					ASPIRATED.
					GUTTURAL.

39. Before beginning the reading lessons of the FIFTH READER, require the pupil to copy the following outline and keep it by him as a guide in the preparation of his lessons.

It is very important that a few lessons should be studied as to *all* the points applicable. Afterward the selections may be studied as to particular points designated by the instructor. This can be done by simply writing the numbers of the desired points on the blackboard. Thus, 1, 2, 4, and 6 appearing on the board, the pupil will prepare his lesson with special reference to those points.

OUTLINE FOR STUDY IN FIFTH READER.

1. State in writing the *exact purport* of the piece.
2. Write an abstract following the author's line of thought.
3. Give the exact meaning of the Nouns and Verbs.
4. Give the composition and analysis of the same.
5. Make a special study of the *Epithets*.
6. Explain the allusions {

Geographical.
 Historical.
 Biographical.
7. Explain the Similes and Metaphors.
8. Recite from memory an *exact quotation*.
9. Commit the selection to memory.
10. If Poetry {

a. Transpose into prose.
 b. Attend to the scanning.

One lesson thoroughly *prepared* on the above outline, is of more benefit to pupils or teacher than twenty as usually *read*.

LESSON XLIII.

For first day prepare this lesson with special reference to Points 1, 6, and 8 of the outline.

For second day take up Points 3 and 4.

For third day Points 5 and 7.

For fourth day review and add Point 2.

For fifth day complete the study by the outline on all points applicable.

LESSON LIX.

Prepare this lesson on Points 1, 2, 7, and 9 of the outline.

In the study of the other selections, let the instructor designate the points of the outline to be used in the preparation of the lesson.

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE LITERARY READER.

SHAKESPEARE.

1564 - 1616.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, dramatist and poet, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in April, 1564. Of his early life almost nothing is known. It is believed that he was a student in the free school at Stratford, and that in his youth he assisted his father in the latter's business, which was that of a wool-dealer and glover. That he formally entered upon any definite calling we have no proof; but critics have found evidence in his writings of his familiarity with various professions: Malone, one of his acutest commentators, firmly insisted that Shakespeare was a lawyer's clerk. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, then eight years his senior. Of this union only a vague report that it proved uncongenial has come down to us. In 1586 or 1587 Shakespeare seems to have gone to London, and two years later appears as one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars Theater. In the few years next following he became known as a playwright, and in 1593 he published his first poem, *Venus and Adonis*. The dates of publication of his plays are not settled beyond doubt; but the best authorities place *Henry VI.* first and *The Tempest* last, all included between 1589 and 1611. Shakespeare was an actor as well as a writer of plays, and remained on the stage certainly as late as 1603. Two years later he bought a handsome house at Stratford, and lived therein, enjoying the friendship and respect of his neighbors till his death in 1616.

Meager as is the foregoing sketch, it yet embodies, with a few trifling exceptions, all the known facts as to Shakespeare's life. A mist seems to have settled over "the most illustrious of the sons of man," almost wholly hiding his personality from curious and admiring posterity. Of many of his contemporary writers, and of some who preceded him, comparatively full particulars have come down to us: Edmund Spenser stands out conspicuous among the bright lights of the Elizabethan age; the genial face and the personal habits of "rare Ben Jonson" are almost familiar to us; and even of Chaucer, the father of English literature, we possess a reasonably distinct portraiture; but Shakespeare, *the man*, is lost to us in the darkness of the past. In his works, however, he lives, and will live while written records survive.

The name of Shakespeare is so pre-eminently famous, standing out in the firmament of literature "like the moon among the lesser stars," that no attempt to convey an idea of his greatness seems to be necessary here. We content ourselves, therefore, with quoting the opinions of a few of those who have been worthy to judge him.

Dr. Samuel Johnson says: "The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissolvable fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

Thomas De Quincey says: "In the gravest sense it may be affirmed of Shakespeare that he is among the modern luxuries of life; it was his prerogative to have thought more finely and more extensively than all other poets combined."

Lord Jeffrey says: "More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity than all the moralists that ever existed, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world."

Lord Macaulay pronounced Shakespeare "the greatest poet that ever lived," and esteemed

Othello, the play from which our first selection is taken, as "perhaps the greatest work in the world."

Thomas Carlyle bears this characteristic testimony : " Of this Shakespeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one ; I think the best judgment is slowly pointing to the conclusion that Shakespeare is the chief of all poets hitherto, the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth, placid, joyous strength, all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil, unfathomable sea ! "

OTHELLO'S SPEECH TO THE SENATE.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,

And portance in my travel's history ;
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my hint to speak ; — such was the process ; —
 And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently. I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore — In faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange ;
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful :
 She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

THE WINNING OF JULIET.*

JULIET. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face :
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

* An extract from the love scene in the garden, in the play of *Romeo and Juliet*. Romeo, in ambuscade at night, is discovered by Juliet listening to her declaration of love for him.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say, Ay :
 And I will take thy word ; yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou mayst prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou mayst think my 'havior light.
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROMEO. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

JULIET. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROMEO. What shall I swear by ?

JULIET. Do not swear at all,
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

ROMEO. If my heart's dear love —

JULIET. Well, do not swear : although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contráct to-night ;
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden :
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
 Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night !
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

ROMEO. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

JULIET. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

ROMEO. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

JULIET. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :

And yet I would it were to give again.

ROMEO. Wouldst thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

JULIET. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

WOLSEY ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.*

FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness.
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth ; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears, than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

* Cardinal Wolsey was one of the highest officers of King Henry VIII. of England. Being suddenly deprived of all his honors by the king, and consequently disgraced, Shakespeare represents him as uttering this speech on retiring from office.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be, — that is the question : —
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
- And, by opposing, end them ? — To die, — to sleep, —
No more ; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die ; — to sleep ; —
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; — ay, there 's the rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause ; there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death, —
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, — puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

SCOTT.

1771 - 1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the most famous of historical novelists, was born in Edinburgh in 1771 and died in 1832. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, read law, and in 1792 was called to the bar. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff, in 1806 was made Clerk of the Court of Session, and in 1820, when he was forty-nine years old, received a baronetcy. His first literary effort was a translation of some of Bürger's ballads, which was published in 1796. Other translations followed, with three or four original poems; but not until 1805 did Scott attain the place of literary eminence which he forever after held and adorned. His first grand success was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which appeared in that year, and was received with almost universal praise. *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, *Rokeby*, and other poems, were issued in quick succession, each confirming his poetical reputation and spreading his fame. But Scott is better known to the world as a novelist than as a poet, and a few words descriptive of his remarkable career in fiction seem to be necessary to the completeness of this sketch. In 1814 *Waverley* was issued at Edinburgh, and instantly attracted attention. No author's name appeared on the title-page, and the public was left in a state of painful doubt as to the source of so brilliant a book. Its perplexity was naturally increased, the next year, by the appearance of *Guy Mannering*, and, at brief intervals, of its successors. Scott was suspected of the authorship of these books, but stoutly denied it; and not till many years later did he confess the truth. Space will not permit us to dwell upon the pecuniary troubles which clouded the last years of the great novelist. In all the history of literature there is no record of such labors as his; one admires his lofty sense of honor, his unyielding fortitude, and his almost superhuman power of application with equal warmth. The secret of Scott's success may be said to lie in his felicitous employment of common topics, images, and expressions, such as all readers can appreciate. Another source of his strength was his intense nationality: no writer before him had so vividly illustrated the characteristics of Scottish life and character. His novels were and are popular because they deal with real life, and avoid the meditative and speculative habits which are wearisome to the common reader. Not conspicuously surpassing all other novelists in single qualities, Scott yet possessed and combined all the qualities necessary for his work in such nice and harmonious adjustment as has never been witnessed in any other man. While his novels fascinate and entertain with an enduring yet indescribable charm, they also convey much valuable information as to the life of the times of which they treat.

THE TOMB OF ROBERT BRUCE.*

SUCH of the Scottish knights as remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce and the bones of the good Lord James. These last were interred in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulcher in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble

* Robert Bruce, King of Scots, was born in 1274. He was a man of great valor, and waged, with varying fortune, incessant war against the English. He finally gained a decisive victory over the army of Edward II. at the famous battle of Bannockburn in 1314, which resulted in the independence of Scotland.

stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But a little while ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo ! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch ; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding-sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighborhood ; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears ; for there was the wasted skull which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance ; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb ; and how many, many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognized, nor their names known, any more than those of inferior animals ! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

LOCHINVAR. — LADY HERON'S SONG.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never a word),
“ O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“ I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide, —
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
“ Now tread we a measure ! ” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'T were better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy :
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :

Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger fills the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his way from door to door ;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a King had loved to hear.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell !
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SOME feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven :
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'T is that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head !

BRYANT.

1797-1878.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, who may be said to share with Longfellow the first place in the list of American poets, was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1797, and died in New York City in 1878, from the effects of a sun-stroke. His precocity was remarkable. At the age of ten he made translations from the Latin poets, which were published, and three years later wrote *The Embargo*, a satirical poem of great merit. He studied law, and practiced that profession for some time in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. His early productions were regarded as the work of a precocious genius which would surely spend itself in these premature efforts; but the appearance of *Thanatopsis*, which was written in his nineteenth year, and was published in the *North American Review*, proved conclusively that he was not a mere youthful prodigy. In 1825 he removed to New York, and, with a partner, established the *New York Review* and *Athenæum Magazine*, to which he contributed some of his best poems. The next year he became editor of the *Evening Post*, which place he held at the time of his death. While he is best known by his poems, Mr. Bryant is considered by the best authorities one of the finest prose writers in the country. In England his poetry is held in high esteem; *Thanatopsis*, *To a Waterfowl*, *Green River*, etc., have received earnest praise from the leading English critics. Mr. Bryant was distinctively a student and interpreter of Nature; all her aspects and voices were familiar to him, and are reproduced in his poetry with a solemn and ennobling beauty which has never been attained by any other American poet. In many respects his verse resembles Wordsworth's; but its spirit is less introspective, and appeals more directly to the common understanding. Another striking characteristic of Mr. Bryant's poetry is its lofty moral tone, which is the eloquence of a great intellect warmed and controlled by high and pure impulses.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and
stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and
glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will
come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are
still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice : Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements ;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are *there*.

And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep ; — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the flashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart :

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

TRUTH, crushed to earth, shall rise again, —
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

MOTLEY.

1814-1877.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, one of the most eminent of American historians, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814, and died in England in June, 1877. Graduating at Harvard College at the age of seventeen, he went to Europe, where he spent several years in preparation for a task to which he had early devoted himself,—the writing of a *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Young as he was, he had already produced two novels, *Morton's Hope*, or *The Memoirs of a Provincial*, and *Merry Mount, A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony*, which were long ago forgotten. After fifteen years of arduous labor he finished his *History*, and its reception on both sides of the Atlantic was exceptionally cordial. Mr. Everett said of it that it was, in his judgment, “a work of the highest merit,” and placed “the name of Motley by the side of those of our great American historical trio,—Bancroft, Irving, and Prescott.” The instantaneous success of this *History*—the work of a young and unknown writer—is unprecedented in the annals of historical literature. Not content with this triumph, which assured him of an immortality of fame, Mr. Motley at once set about a new enterprise, the results of which appear in *The History of the United Netherlands*, in which the career of the young nation, the story of whose birth had been told in the previous work, is described with equal spirit and accuracy. In 1874 Mr. Motley's third historical work, *Life and Death of John of Barneveld*, was published; and at the time of his death he was at work on a *History of the Thirty Years' War*. In common with the eminent historians with whom Edward Everett classed him, Mr. Motley possesses in rare combination the highest intellectual qualifications for his work. He is especially remarkable for a certain breadth of mind which impels him to take comprehensive and exhaustive views of his subject. His style is a model of vigor and grace, and in dramatic quality it is equaled by that of no other historian of this century. It would be, perhaps, impossible to indicate any other historical works than his, of comparatively modern issue, touching which the judgment of critics has been so unanimously favorable. Some foreign reviewers, unable to appreciate, or, perhaps, eager to rebuke, the sturdy Republican spirit that animates this American writer, have charged him with excessive severity in his denunciation of Spanish despotism; but with this exception his candor and conscientious accuracy have never been impugned. Mr. Motley was appointed United States Minister to Austria by President Lincoln, and, after honorable service at Vienna, was transferred to England, where he represented this government with conspicuous ability. The exigencies of partisan politics required his removal, and the close of his life found him a private citizen, fully occupied with congenial literary labors.

HISTORIC PROGRESS.

WE talk of History. No man can more highly appreciate than I do the noble labors of your Society,* and of others in this country, for the preservation of memorials belonging to our brief but most important past. We can never collect too much of them, nor ponder them too carefully, for they mark the era of a new civilization. But that interesting past presses so closely upon our sight that it seems still a portion of the present; the glimmering dawn preceding the noontide of to-day.

* THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY. The extract is from an address delivered by Mr. Motley before this society, December 16, 1868, the subject being *Historic Progress and American Democracy*.

I shall not be misunderstood, then, if I say that there is no such thing as human history. Nothing can be more profoundly, sadly true. The annals of mankind have never been written, never can be written ; nor would it be within human capacity to read them if they were written. We have a leaf or two torn from the great book of human fate as it flutters in the storm-winds ever sweeping across the earth. We decipher them as we best can with purblind eyes, and endeavor to learn their mystery as we float along to the abyss ; but it is all confused babble, hieroglyphics of which the key is lost. Consider but a moment. The island on which this city stands is as perfect a site as man could desire for a great, commercial, imperial city. Byzantium,* which the lords of the ancient world built for the capital of the earth ; which the temperate and vigorous Turk in the days of his stern military discipline plucked from the decrepit hands which held the scepter of Cæsar and Constantine, and for the succession to which the present lords of Europe are wrangling, — not Byzantium, nor hundred-gated Thebes,† nor London nor Liverpool, Paris nor Moscow, can surpass the future certainties of this thirteen-mile-long Manhattan.

And yet it was but yesterday — for what are two centuries and a half in the boundless vista of the past ? — that the Mohawk and the Mohican were tomahawking and scalping each other throughout these regions, and had been doing so for centuries ; while the whole surface of this island, now groaning under millions of wealth which oppress the imagination, hardly furnished a respectable hunting-ground for a single sachem, in his war-paint and moccasins, who imagined himself proprietor of the soil.

But yesterday Cimmerian darkness, primeval night. To-day, grandeur, luxury, wealth, power. I come not here to-night to draw pictures or pour forth dithyrambics that I may gratify your vanity or my own, whether municipal or national. To appreciate the unexamplèd advantages bestowed by the Omnipotent upon this favored Republic, this youngest child of civilization, is rather to oppress the thoughtful mind with an overwhelming sense of responsibility ; to

* **BYZANTIUM.** The original name of Constantinople, the present capital of the Turkish Empire. The beauty and convenience of its situation were observed by Constantine the Great, who made it the capital of the Eastern Roman Empire A. D. 328, and called it Constantinopolis, i. e. the City of Constantine.

† **THEBES.** A great city of Egypt which was formerly the capital of that country. It is now in ruins, its remains extending for seven miles along both banks of the Nile,

sadden with quick-coming fears ; to torture with reasonable doubts. The world's great hope is here. The future of humanity — at least for that cycle in which we are now revolving — depends mainly upon the manner in which we deal with our great trust.

The good old times ! Where and when were those good old times ?

“ All times when old are good,”

says Byron.

“ And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death,”

says the great master of morals and humanity.

But neither fools nor sages, neither individuals nor nations, have any other light to guide them along the track which all must tread, save that long glimmering vista of yesterdays which grows so swiftly fainter and fainter as the present fades into the past.

And I believe it possible to discover a law out of all this apparently chaotic whirl and bustle, this tangled skein of human affairs, as it spins itself through the centuries. That law is Progress, — slow, confused, contradictory, but ceaseless development, intellectual and moral, of the human race.

It is of Human Progress that I speak to-night. It is of Progress that I find a startling result when I survey the spectacle which the American Present displays.

This nation stands on the point towards which other people are moving, — the starting-point, not the goal. It has put itself — or rather Destiny has placed it — more immediately than other nations in subordination to the law governing all bodies political as inexorably as Kepler's law controls the motions of the planets.

The law is Progress ; the result, Democracy.

Sydney Smith once alluded, if I remember rightly, to a person who allowed himself to speak disrespectfully of the equator. I have a strong objection to be suspected of flattering the equator. Yet were it not for that little angle of $23^{\circ} 27' 26''$, which it is good enough to make with the plane of the ecliptic, the history of this earth and of “ all which it inherit ” would have been essentially modified, even if it had not been altogether a blank.

Out of the obliquity of the equator has come forth our civilization. It was long ago observed by one of the most thoughtful writers that ever dealt with human history, John von Herder, that it was to the

gradual shading away of zones and alternation of seasons that the vigor and variety of mankind were attributable.

I have asked where and when were the good old times? This earth of ours has been spinning about in space, great philosophers tell us, some few hundred millions of years. We are not very familiar with our predecessors on this continent. For the present, the oldest inhabitant must be represented here by the man of Natchez, whose bones were unearthed not long ago under the Mississippi bluffs in strata which were said to argue him to be at least one hundred thousand years old. Yet he is a mere modern, a *parvenu* on this planet, if we are to trust illustrious teachers of science, compared with the men whose bones and whose implements have been found in high mountain-valleys and gravel-pits of Europe; while these again are thought by the same authorities to be descendants of races which flourished many thousands of years before, and whose relics science is confidently expecting to discover, although the icy sea had once engulfed them and their dwelling-places.

We of to-day have no filial interest in the man of Natchez. He was no ancestor of ours, nor have he and his descendants left traces along the dreary track of their existence to induce a desire to claim relationship with them.

We are Americans; but yesterday we were Europeans, — Netherlanders, Saxons, Normans, Swabians, Celts; and the day before yesterday, Asiatics, Mongolians, what you will.

The orbit of civilization, so far as our perishing records enable us to trace it, seems preordained from East to West. China, India, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Rome, are successively lighted up as the majestic orb of day moves over them; and as he advances still farther through his storied and mysterious zodiac, we behold the shadows of evening as surely falling on the lands which he leaves behind him.

Man still reeled on, — falling, rising again, staggering forward with hue and cry at his heels, — a wounded felon daring to escape from the prison to which the grace of God had inexorably doomed him. And still there was progress. Besides the sword, two other instruments grew every day more potent, — the pen and the purse.

The power of the pen soon created a stupendous monopoly. Clerks obtained privilege of murder because of their learning; a Norman king gloried in the appellation of “fine clerk,” because he could spell; the sons of serfs and washerwomen became high pontiffs, put their

feet on the necks of emperors, through the might of education, and appalled the souls of tyrants with their weird anathemas. Naturally, the priests kept the talisman of learning to themselves. How should education help them to power and pelf, if the people could participate in the mystic spell? The icy Deadhand of the Church, ever extended, was filled to overflowing by trembling baron and superstitious hind.

But there was another power steadily augmenting, — the magic purse of Fortunatus with its clink of perennial gold. Commerce changed clusters of hovels, cowering for protection under feudal castles, into powerful cities. Burghers wrested or purchased liberties from their lords and masters.

And still man struggled on. An experimenting friar, fond of chemistry, in one corner of Europe, put niter, sulphur, and charcoal together; * a sexton or doctor, in another obscure nook, carved letters on blocks of wood; † and lo! there were explosions shaking the solid earth, and causing the iron-clad man on horseback to reel in his saddle.

It was no wonder that Dr. Faustus was supposed to have sold his soul to the fiend. Whence but from devilish alliance could he have derived such power to strike down the grace of God?

Speech, the alphabet, Mount Sinai, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Nazareth, the wandering of the nations, the feudal system, Magna Charta, gunpowder, printing, the Reformation, the mariner's compass, America, — here are some of the great landmarks of human motion.

As we pause for a moment's rest, after our rapid sweep through the eons and the centuries, have we not the right to record proof of man's progress since the days of the rhinoceros-eaters of Bedfordshire, of the man of Natchez?

* The discovery of gunpowder by Bertholdus, a German monk, in 1320.

† GUTENBERG, born in Germany about 1400, is generally called the inventor of printing. He was the first to print from letters cut on blocks of wood and metal. He was associated with Dr. Faustus, mentioned below. Having printed off numbers of copies of the Bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in manuscript, Hayden says Dr. Faustus undertook the sale of them at Paris where printing was then unknown. As he sold his copies for sixty crowns, while the scribes demanded five hundred, he created universal astonishment; but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and lowered the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder: informations were given to the police against him as a magician, and his lodgings being searched and a great number of copies being found, they were seized. The red ink with which they were embellished was supposed to be his blood, and it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the Devil; and if he had not fled, he would have shared the fate of those whom superstitious judges condemned in those days for witchcraft, A. D. 1460. The career of Dr. Faustus has formed the subject of numerous dramas, romances, and poems, the most notable of which are Goethe's *Faust*, and the celebrated opera of that name.

And for details and detached scenes in the general phantasmagoria, which has been ever shifting before us, we may seek for illustration, instruction, or comfort in any age or land where authentic record can be found. We may take a calm survey of passionate, democratic Greece in her great civil war through the terse, judicial narrative of Thucydides; * we may learn to loathe despotism in that marvelous portrait-gallery of crime which the somber and terrible Tacitus† has bequeathed; we may cross the yawning abysses and dreary deserts which lie between two civilizations over that stately viaduct of a thousand arches which the great hand of Gibbon has constructed; we may penetrate to the inmost political and social heart of England, during a period of nine years, by help of the magic wand of Macaulay; we may linger in the stately portico to the unbuilt dome which the daring genius of Buckle consumed his life in devising; we may yield to the sweet fascinations which ever dwell in the picturesque pages of Prescott; we may investigate rules, apply and ponder examples: but the detail of history is essentially a blank, and nothing could be more dismal than its pursuit, unless the mind be filled by a broad view of its general scheme.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.‡

THE besieged city § was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages, they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again,—hope and fear, in sickening alternation,

* THUCYDIDES. One of the most illustrious of the Greek historians, born 471 B. C. His celebrity rests upon his unfinished *History of the Peloponnesian War*. (See Grote's *History of Greece*.)

† TACITUS. A celebrated Roman historian, born about 55 A. D. His reputation is chiefly founded on his *Annals*, in sixteen books, which record the history of the Roman Empire from the death of Augustus A. D. 14 to the death of Nero A. D. 68. Excepting the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books, the work still exists.

‡ The extract is from Mr. Motley's brilliant history, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

§ LEYDEN, now a flourishing manufacturing town of South Holland. It was besieged by the Spaniards in 1574, when they tried to subdue the Netherlands under their yoke. The siege began on 31st October, 1573, and ended on 3d October, 1574. It was relieved by the dikes being cut, and the sea let in on the Spanish works. Fifteen hundred Spaniards were slain or drowned. The University of Leyden was erected as a memorial of this gallant defense and happy deliverance. The relief of Leyden was a fatal blow to Spanish power in the Netherlands.

distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean.

Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem* had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute portions, hardly sufficient to support life, among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured.

Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and elsewhere for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful. Infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms.

In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses — father, mother, children — side by side; for a disorder, called “the Plague,” naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. Pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath his scythe. From six to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe,† — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

* HAARLEM. Frederick, the son of Alva, starved the little garrison of Haarlem (20 miles north of Leyden) into a surrender (1573); and then, enraged at the gallant defense they had made, butchered them without mercy. When the executioners were worn out with their bloody work, he tied the three hundred citizens that remained back to back, and flung them into the sea.

† The Spaniards.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf* with threats and reproaches as he passed along the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the Church of St. Pancras.

There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards, — a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures? I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot.† In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

* ADRIAN VAN DER WERF, the burgomaster, or chief magistrate of Leyden.

† ADMIRAL BOISOT, the commander of the Dutch fleet.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water.

On it went, sweeping over the broad waters. As they approached some shallows which led into the great Mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through!

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen* with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, — a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night; and the whole of the city wall between the Cowgate and the town of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night? Had the massacre already commenced? Had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain?

Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards; and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the

* LAMMEN, a fort occupied by the Spaniards, which formed the sole remaining obstacle between the fleet and the city. It swarmed with soldiers and bristled with cannon; and so serious an impediment did Boisot consider it, that he wrote that very night in desponding terms regarding it to the Prince of Orange.

spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither alone.

The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez,* flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance! The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction.

All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved!

THE HERO OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

No man — not even Washington — has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism than that of William of Orange. Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential cities, in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety, amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded. He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime commended his soul, in dying, "to the great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

* VALDEZ, the Spanish commander. His head-quarters were at Leyderdorp, a mile and a half to the right of Lammen.

NOTES ON WORK FROM LITERARY READER.

In the study of these selections from the Literary Reader, use the same outline as given for the study of the Fifth Reader, with the following additional heads :

OUTLINE OF BIOGRAPHY.

1. State the name in full.
2. Name the age in which he lived.
3. Study his childhood.
4. His education.
5. Profession.
6. Writings. { Prose.
 { Poetry.
7. Character.
8. Most noted contemporaries.
9. Give quotation from some one of his works, designating which one.

Do *not* consider this study of the author's life as of more importance than the selection.

What Shakespeare wrote is of more importance to us than *when he lived*. Yet it is the prevailing error in teaching English Literature to *study the life* of the author and *read his writings*. This order should be reversed.

40. Require the pupils to prepare a brief analysis of the thought contained in the given selection, so as to bring into prominence the framework of its structure. In this way the pupil will be led to see more clearly the ornament and finish in the style of an author.

These briefs should be written in a note-book kept for the purpose, and should be somewhat like the following :

BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THANATOPSIS.

1. Nature speaks in various ways to those who commune with her in love.

2. Her voice heightens their joys and lessens their sorrow and gloom.

3. When ominous thoughts of death and the hereafter come over us, the author commands us to go forth and list to nature's teachings.

4. Nature's voice as thus heard teaches—

a. That life is short.

b. That the change we shall undergo in the grave will be complete.

c. That we shall have grand company in our final resting-place.

d. That the adornings of the couch will be magnificent.

e. That vast tribes already are sleeping in the bosom of mother earth.

f. That our final rest shall be as theirs.

g. That those who come after us, through all the ages, must return to the dust from whence they sprang, the same as we.

h. That we should so live that, when death knocks at the portal of our earthly tabernacle, we may go forth calmly to take our place in the house appointed for all the living.

After the pupils have prepared their briefs, the teacher will test their accuracy by calling on them to read that part of the selection which expresses the different points, thus: Read the part that brings out point *d*, point *g*, etc., until the whole brief is tested and the framework of the selection is well in mind.

41. Require pupils to prepare a list of terms used by the author for the same idea. Thus in this selection the author uses: 1, the grave; 2, the narrow house; 3, the great tomb; 4, sad abodes of death; 5, pale realms of shade; 6, silent halls of death—to designate the same conception.

Terms used by other authors may also be called for in connection with the terms used by the author under consideration.

42. Require these lists to be written in the note-book and preserved for reference. In this way pupils will cultivate taste in the beautiful expression of thoughts.

43. Question closely as to all the points applicable in the Outline of Study, thus:

1. What is said of nature in 2d and 3d lines?

2. To whom?

3. What is it to hold communion?

4. Why *visible* forms?

5. Is Nature personified?

6. What is personification?

7. Difference between *various* and *varied*?

8. What has Nature for his gayer hours?

9. Is *glides* a forcible word? Why?

10. Explain the figure used by saying "*she glides and steals*," etc.

11. Why called *bitter hour*?

12. What is a blight ?
13. Exact meaning of images ?
14. Meaning of stern agony ?
15. Why *breathless* darkness ?
16. Read where Nature's voice reminds us that life is short.
17. What figure is used in "Earth that nourished thee," etc. ?
18. What words express the completeness of the change our bodies shall undergo in the tomb ?
19. Meaning of "*Shall claim thy growth ?*"
20. Why *sluggish* clod and not stupid clod ?
Etc., etc.

44. Require each pupil to select that author whose works best please him, and after studying the selections as directed in the outline, call on him to state in writing why he selected that author rather than some other, and also what portions of the author's works seem to him to contain the best thoughts, or thoughts most elegantly expressed.

In this way the pupil's judgment on literature will be constantly called into action, and growth is the result.

A pleasant and profitable exercise, and one that gives variety to the work, is to have the pupils count the words of Saxon or Latin origin, and estimate the per cent. they are of the whole in any given number of lines

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